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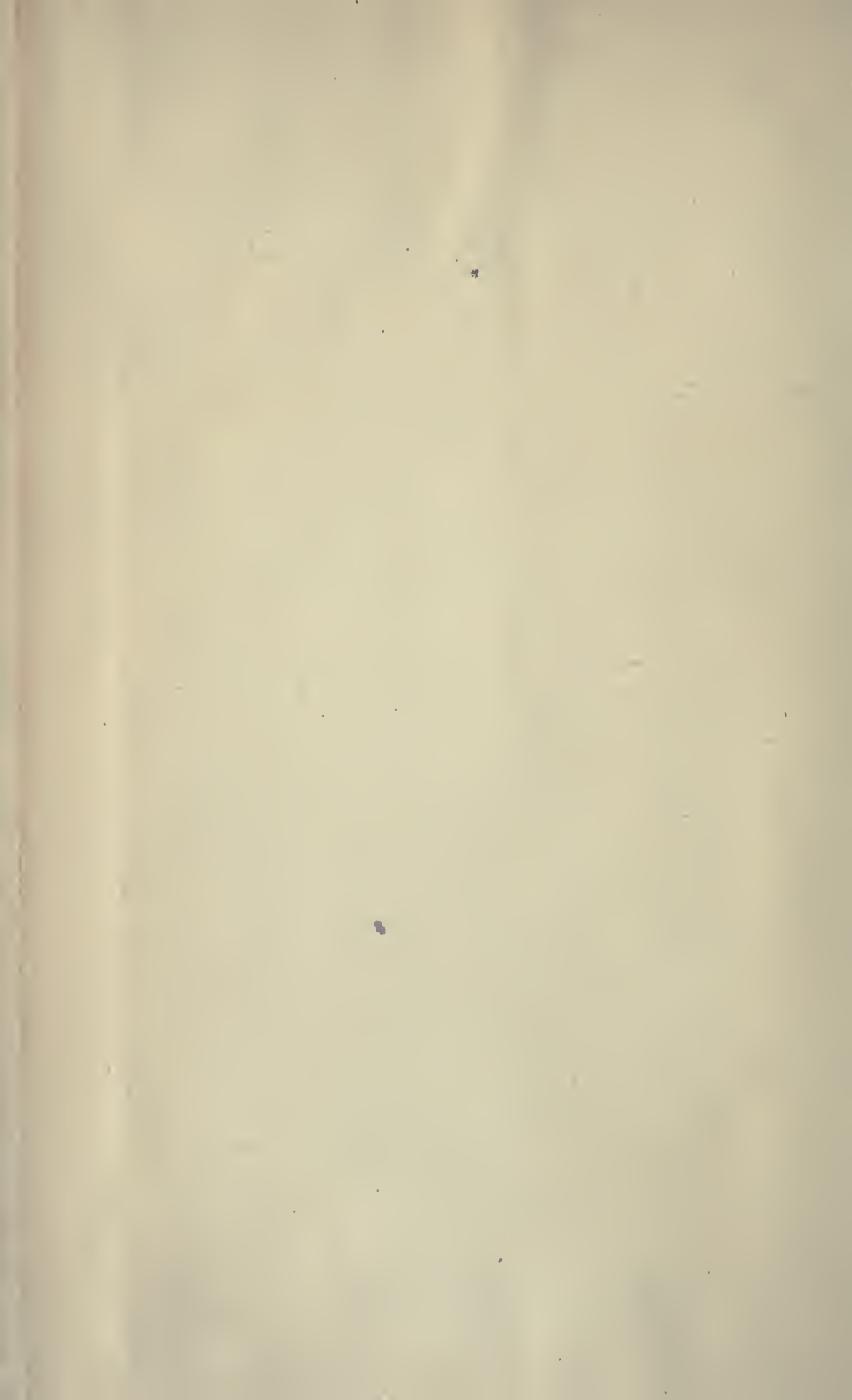
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For out of olde felles als men seith  
Cometh al this newe countrie peer to pere  
And out of olde booke in good feith  
Cometh al this newe science that men here

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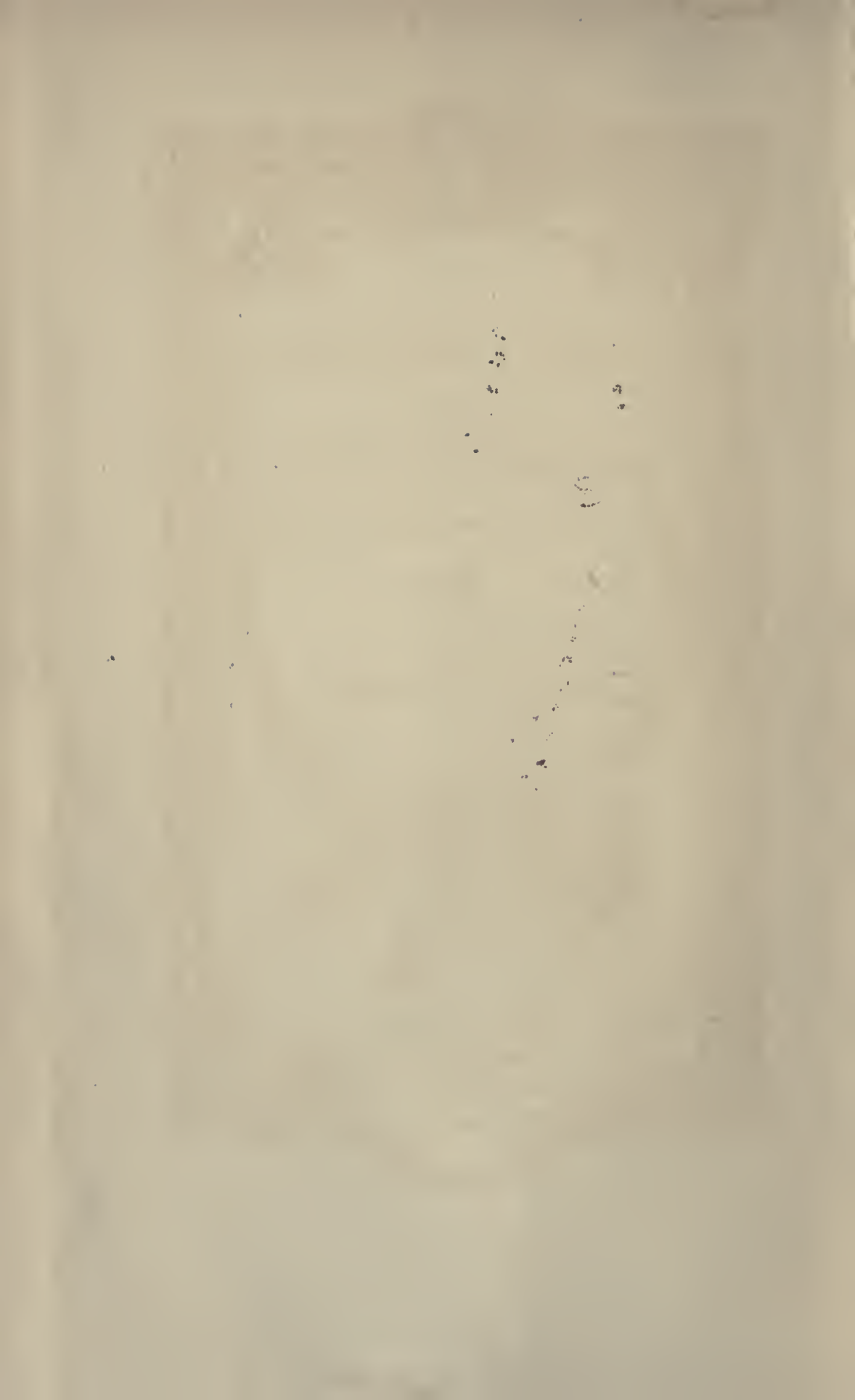
# LOVE'S DEMESNE

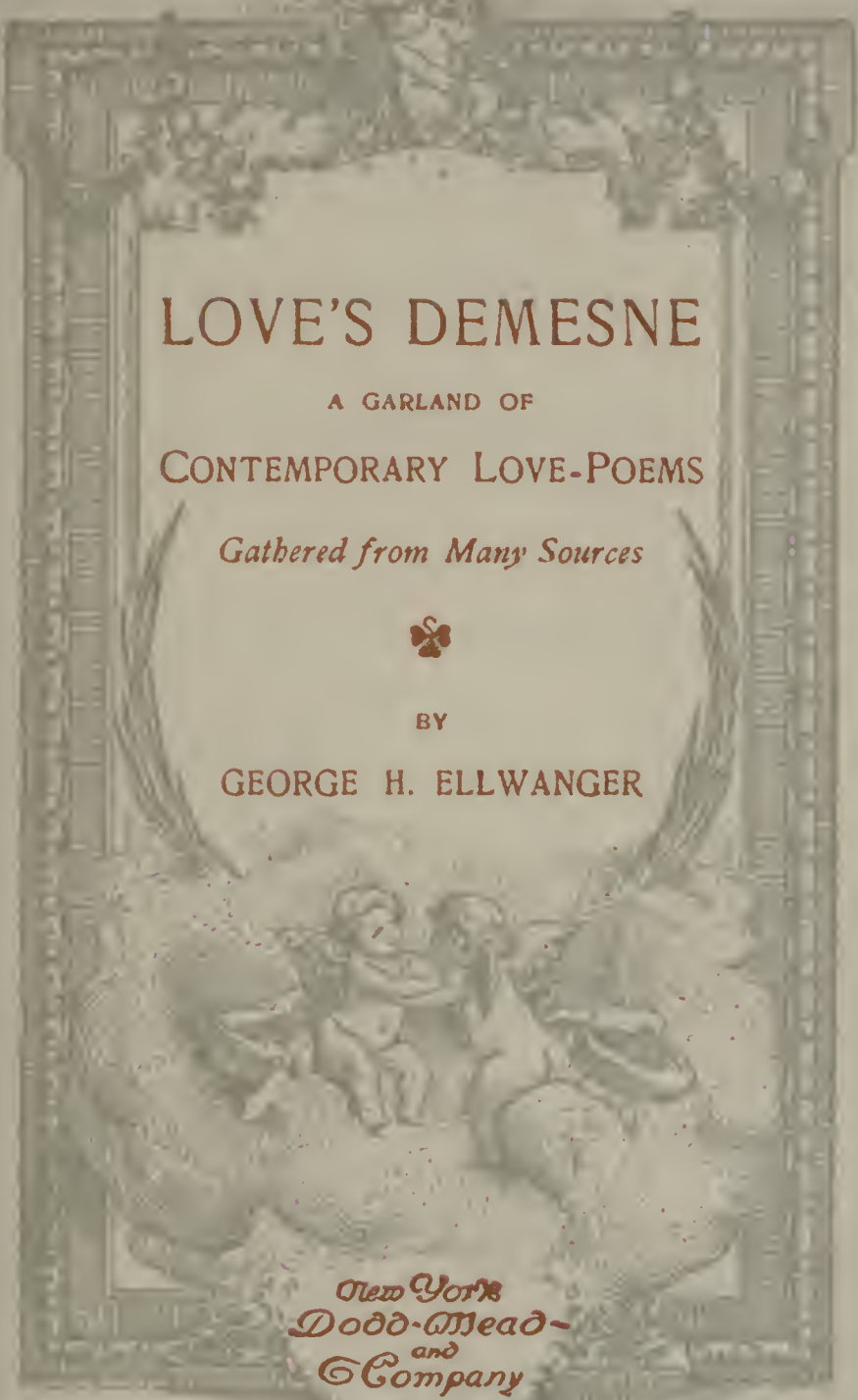
A GARLAND OF CONTEMPORARY LOVE-POEMS  
GATHERED FROM MANY SOURCES











# LOVE'S DEMESNE

A GARLAND OF  
CONTEMPORARY LOVE-POEMS

*Gathered from Many Sources*



BY

GEORGE H. ELLWANGER

New York  
Dodd-Mead-  
and  
Company

1896



# LOVE'S DEMESNE

A GARLAND OF

## CONTEMPORARY LOVE-POEMS

Gathered from Many Sources

BY

GEORGE H. ELLWANGER

AUTHOR OF

"THE GARDEN'S STORY," "THE STORY OF MY HOUSE,"  
"IN GOLD AND SILVER," "IDYLLISTS OF THE  
COUNTRY-SIDE," ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.

NEW YORK

DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY

1896

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# LOVE'S DEMESNE.

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## SEQUEL TO "MY QUEEN."

**Y**ES, but the years run circling fleeter,  
Ever they pass me — I watch, I wait —  
Ever I dream, and awake to meet her ;  
She cometh never, or comes too late.

Should I press on? for the day grows shorter —  
Ought I to linger? the far end nears ;  
Ever ahead have I looked, and sought her  
On the bright sky-line of the gathering years.

Now that the shadows are eastward sloping,  
As I screen mine eyes from the slanting sun,  
Cometh a thought — It is past all hoping,  
Look not ahead, she is missed and gone.

VOL. II. — I ,

I .

Here on the ridge of my upward travel  
Ere the life-line dips to the darkening vales,  
Sadly I turn, and would fain unravel  
The entangled maze of a search that fails.

When and where have I seen and passed her?  
What are the words I forgot to say?  
Should we have met had a boat rowed faster?  
Should we have loved had I stayed that day?

Was it her face that I saw, and started,  
Gliding away in a train that crossed?  
Was it a form that I once, faint-hearted,  
Followed awhile in a crowd, and lost?

Was it there she lived, when the train went  
sweeping  
Under the moon through the landscape  
hushed?  
Somebody called me, I woke from sleeping,  
Saw but a hamlet — and on we rushed.

Listen and linger — She yet may find me  
In the last faint flush of the waning light —  
Never a step on the path behind me;  
I must journey alone, to the lonely night.



But is there somewhere on earth, I wonder,  
A fading figure, with eyes that wait,  
Who says, as she stands in the distance yonder,  
“He cometh never, or comes too late”?

SIR ALFRED LYALL.

## EXPERIENTIA DOCET?

VAIN is the experience of the past  
To guide their steps who rove,  
By ways each different from the last,  
The 'wilderer realms of Love !

For no new movements of the heart  
Are ever like the old,  
Nor has their tale its counterpart  
In those by Memory told.

The records of the pilgrimage  
Of passion are impress'd  
Each on the renovated page  
Of a blanch'd palimpsest.

To mock the faith that lovers place  
In life's acquired love-lore,  
New lessons, latest learn'd, efface  
Old teachings taught before.

And we ourselves within us bear,  
Tho' to ourselves unknown,  
New lives, that with new loves appear,  
And new selves of their own.

Thus every love is, of its kind,  
A first love and a last ;  
And every time we love, we find  
That love has had no past.

ROBERT, LORD LYTTON.

IF . . . ?

SO you but love me, be it your own way,  
In your own time, no sooner than you will,  
No warmer than you would from day to day,  
But love me still !

Each day that still you love me seems to me  
A little fairer than the day before ;  
For, daily given, love's least must daily be  
A little more.

And be my most gain'd your least given, if such  
Your sweet will be ! I reckon not the cost,  
Nor count the gain, by little or by much,  
Or least or most.

Little or much, to me the gift I crave  
Is all in all. There is not any measure  
Of more or less can gauge the need I have  
Of that dear treasure.

So you but love me, tho' your love be cold,  
    Mine it can chill not. Tho' your love come  
        late,  
Mine for its coming, by sweet dreams foretold,  
    Will dreaming wait.

Yet ah, if some fair chance, before I die,  
    One hour of waking life might let me live,  
Rich with the dream'd-of dear reality  
    'T is yours to give !

Your whole sweet self, with your sweet self's  
    whole love !

    Those eyes of fire and dew, those lips wish-  
        haunted,  
Those feet whose steps like elfin music move  
    Thro' worlds enchanted !

Your whole sweet self ! The unutter'd thoughts  
    that stir

    Your lonest musings with light wings unheard,  
And feelings that find no interpreter  
    In deed or word !

Your whole sweet self, that till by love reveal'd  
    Even to yourself still half unknown must be !  
For of the wealth in souls like yours conceal'd  
    Love keeps the key.

Ah, if your whole sweet self, by all the power  
Of your sweet self's whole love in some divine  
Far distant hour made wholly yours, that hour  
Made wholly mine,

And if in that blest hour all dreams came true,  
All doubts dissolved, all fears were whirl'd  
away

In one wild storm of tendernesses new  
As time's first day,

What should we both be? Hush ! I do not dare  
Even to hear my own heart's whisper utter'd.  
Be its sole answerer the silent air  
This sigh has flutter'd !

ROBERT, LORD LYTTON.

✓ OMENS AND ORACLES.

ALL the phantoms of the future, all the  
spectres of the past,  
In the wakeful night came round me, sighing,  
crying, " Fool, beware !  
Check the feeling o'er thee stealing ! Let thy  
first love be thy last !  
Or, if love again thou must, at least this fatal  
love forbear ! "

*Marah Amara !*

Now the dark breaks. Now the lark wakes.  
Now their voices fleet away.  
And the breeze about the blossom, and the  
ripple in the reed,  
And the beams and buds and birds begin to  
whisper, sing, or say,  
" Love her, love her, for she loves thee ! "  
And I know not which to heed.

*Cara Amara !*

ROBERT, LORD LYTTON.

WHEN STARS ARE IN THE QUIET  
SKIES.

WHEN stars are in the quiet skies,  
Then most I pine for thee ;  
Bend on me then thy tender eyes,  
As stars look on the sea.

For thoughts, like waves that glide by night,  
Are stillest where they shine ;  
Mine earthly love lies hush'd in light,  
Beneath the heaven of thine.

There is an hour when holy dreams  
Through slumber fairest glide,  
And in that mystic hour it seems  
Thou shouldst be at my side.

The thoughts of thee too sacred are  
For daylight's common beam ;  
I can but know thee as my star,  
My angel and my dream.

ROBERT, LORD LYTTON.



✓ THE GARDEN OF MEMORY.

THERE is a certain garden where I know  
That flowers flourish in a poet's spring,  
Where aye young birds their amorous matins  
sing,  
And never ill wind comes, nor any snow.

But if you wonder where so fair a show,  
Where such eternal pleasure may be seen,  
I say, my memory keeps that garden green,  
Wherein I loved my first love long ago.

JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY.

## TRYST.

**I** PULL my cloak around my chin,  
The hard earth answers to my tread,  
Through the cloud-clusters overhead  
The white moon answers out and in.

By Jove ! I should not care to win  
The empire of the earth ; to-night  
I see my love, the fairest sight  
Since first the world began to spin !

JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY.

IF I WERE A MONK, AND THOU  
WERT A NUN.

IF I were a monk, and thou wert a nun,  
Pacing it wearily, wearily,  
From chapel to cell till day were done  
Wearily, wearily,  
Oh ! how would it be with these hearts of ours,  
That need the sunshine and smiles and flowers ?

To prayer, to prayer, at the matins' call,  
Morning foul or fair ;  
Such prayer as from lifeless lips may fall —  
Words, but hardly prayer ;  
Vainly trying the thoughts to raise  
Which in the sunshine would burst in praise.

Thou, in the glory of cloudless noon,  
The God revealing,  
Turning thy face from the boundless boon,  
Painfully kneeling ;  
Or in thy chamber's still solitude,  
Bending thy head o'er the legend rude.

I, in a cool and lonely nook,  
Gloomily, gloomily,  
Poring over some musty book  
Thoughtfully, thoughtfully ;  
Or on the parchment margin unrolled,  
Painting quaint pictures in purple and gold.

Perchance in slow procession to meet,  
Wearily, wearily ;  
In an antique, narrow, high-gabled street,  
Wearily, wearily ;  
Thy dark eyes lifted to mine, and then  
Heavily sinking to earth again.

Sunshine and air ! warmth and spring !  
Merrily, merrily !  
Back to its cell each weary thing,  
Wearily, wearily !  
And the heart so withered and dry and old,  
Most at home in the cloister cold.

Thou on thy knees at the vespers' call,  
Wearily, wearily ;  
I looking up on the darkening wall,  
Wearily, wearily ;  
The chime so sweet to the boat at sea,  
Listless and dead to thee and me !

Then to the lone couch at death of day,  
    Wearily, wearily ;  
Rising at midnight again to pray  
    Wearily, wearily ;  
And if through the dark those eyes looked in,  
Sending them far as a thought of sin.

And then when thy spirit was passing away,  
    Dreamily, dreamily ;  
The earth-born dwelling returning to clay,  
    Sleepily, sleepily ;  
Over thee held the crucified Best,  
But no warm face to thy cold cheek pressed.

And when my spirit was passing away,  
    Dreamily, dreamily ;  
The gray head lying 'mong ashes gray  
    Sleepily, sleepily ;  
No hovering angel-woman above  
Waiting to clasp me in deathless love.

But now, beloved, thy hand in mine,  
    Peacefully, peacefully ;  
My arm around thee, my lips on thine,  
    Lovingly, lovingly, —  
Oh ! is not a better thing to us given  
Than wearily going alone to heaven ?

GEORGE MACDONALD.

## A BALLADE OF COLOURS.

SHE went with morning down the wood  
Between the green and blue ;  
The sunlight on the grass was good,  
And all the year was new.

There Love came o'er the flowers to her,  
A goodly sight to see  
From crownèd hair to wing-feather ;  
“ Arise and come with me.”

She walked with him in Paradise  
Between the white and red,  
With Love's own kiss between her eyes,  
Love's crown upon her head.

Why two in heaven should not be thus  
For ever, who may know ?  
Love spread his wings most glorious ;  
“ Arise,” he said, “ I go.”

She came and sate down silently  
Between the gray and gray ;  
The wet wind beat the leafless tree,  
And Love was gone away.

The woodland breaks to flower anew,  
The days bring back the year ;  
But how am I to comfort you,  
My dear, my dear, my dear?

J. W. MACKAIL.



## FALSE DAWN.

AH, love, it was the nightingale  
And not the lark, I know,  
That brought to mind that ancient tale  
Of one who long ago  
Beneath unknown and sultry skies,  
On glimmering pathways led  
By glamour of her perilous eyes,  
Pursued the moon that fled.

Alone he went from deep to deep  
With aching eyes abrim ;  
Alone she trod the heavenly steep,  
And looked unstirred on him.  
He followed, down the setting sky,  
That desperate chase, till she,  
Long after midnight, silently  
Dropped down into the sea.

Then iron darkness round him grew,  
And all his pulses ceased ;  
When something, what he knew not, drew  
His eyes into the east ;



Where, high beyond the dells that hid  
Their maiden upland snows,  
A sudden shaft of colour slid  
From lilac into rose.

As one awaking, through the night  
He felt the wash of air ;  
In great dismay, in strange delight,  
He turned, he looked ; and there,  
Through gleaming mist serene outspread,  
And vapours thinly drawn,  
Saw open, far above his head,  
The golden gate of dawn.

Ah, love, it was a dream we dreamed,  
And such come seldom true ;  
Dawn needs must break the spell that seemed  
To make me aught to you.  
Our music was the nightingale  
And not the lark — ah, no !  
And not of magic is our tale,  
And not of long ago.

J. W. MACKAIL.

## MY AMAZON.

### I.

**M**Y Love is a lady fair and free,  
A lady fair from over the sea,  
And she hath eyes that pierce my breast  
And rob my spirit of peace and rest.

### II.

A youthful warrior, warm and young,  
She takes me prisoner with her tongue ;  
Aye ! and she keeps me — on parole —  
Till paid the ransom of my soul.

### III.

I swear the foeman, arm'd for war  
From *cap-à-pie*, with many a scar,  
More mercy finds for prostrate foe  
Than she who deals me never a blow.

IV.

And so 't will be, this many a day ;  
She comes to wound, if not to slay.  
But in my dreams — in honeyed sleep —  
'T is I to smile, and she to weep !

ERIC MACKAY.

## THE LADY OF THE MAY.

O STARS that fade in amber skies,  
Because ye dread the light of day ;  
O moon, so lonely and so wise,  
Look down, and love my Love alway ;  
Salute the Lady of the May !

O lark that soarest in the light  
To hail thy lord in his array,  
Look down, be just, and sing aright  
For one who claims thy song to-day,  
To greet his Lady of the May.

“ O lady ! lady ! ” sings the lark,  
“ Thy lover’s hest I do obey ;  
For thou art splendid after dark,  
And where thou smilest, there is day,  
And thou ’rt the Lady of the May.

“The nightingale ’s a friend of mine,  
And yesternight she flew my way.  
‘Awake,’ she cried, ‘at morning shine,  
And sing for me thy blithest lay,  
To greet the Lady of the May.

“ ‘And tell her, tell her, gentle one,  
While thou attun’st thy morning lay,  
That I will sing at set of sun  
Another song, for thy sweet fay,  
Because she ’s Lady of the May.’

“And lo ! I come,” the lark in air,  
Self-poised and free, did seem to say ;  
“I come to greet thy lady’s hair,  
I come athwart the beams of day,  
To laud thy Lady of the May.” .

Oh, thank thee, bird that singest well,  
For all thou say’st and still wouldst say ;  
And for the thoughts which Philomel  
Intends to trill, in roundelay,  
To greet my Lady of the May.

We two (my Love and I) are one,  
And so shall be, for aye and aye.  
Go, take my homage to the sun,  
And bid him shine his best to-day,  
To crown my Lady of the May !

ERIC MACKAY.

## CHANGED LOVE.

WHEN did the change come, dearest Heart  
of mine,

Whom Love loves so?

When did Love's moon less brightly seem to  
shine,

While to and fro,

And soft and slow,

Chill winds began to move in its decline?

When did the change come, thou who wast  
mine own?

When heard the rose

First far-off winds begin to moan,

At sunset's close,

When sad Love goes

About the autumn woods to brood alone?

When did the change come in thy heart,  
sweetheart, —

Thy heart so dear to me?

In what thing did I fail to bear my part, —  
My part to thee,  
Whose deity  
My soul confesses, and how fair thou art?

Alas for poor changed Love ! We cannot say  
What changes Love.  
My love would not suffice to make your day  
Now gladly move,  
Though kisses strove  
With answering kisses, in Love's sweetest way.

But though I know you changed, right well I  
know  
That should we meet,  
Deep in your heart some love for me would  
glow ;  
Though not that heat  
Which made it beat  
So fast with joy two years — *one* year ago.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.



✓  
SUMMER'S RETURN.

ONCE more I walk mid summer days, as  
one

Returning to the place where first he met  
The face that he till death may not forget ;  
I know the scent of roses just begun,  
And how at evening and at morn the sun  
Falls on the places that remember yet  
What feet last year within their bounds were  
set,  
And what sweet things were said and dreamt  
and done.

The sultry silence of the summer night  
Recalls to me the loved voice far away ;  
Oh, surely I shall see some early day,  
In places that last year with love were bright,  
The face of her I love, and hear the low,  
Sweet troubled music of the voice I know.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

✓  
, MINE.

**I**N that tranced hush when sound sank awed  
to rest,

Ere from her spirit's rose-red, rose-sweet gate  
Came forth to me her royal word of fate,  
Did she sigh "Yes," and droop upon my breast,  
While round our rapture, dumb, fixed, un-  
expressed

By the seized senses, there did fluctuate  
The plaintive surges of our mortal state,  
Tempering the poignant ecstasy too blest.

Do I wake into a dream, or have we twain,  
Lured by soft wiles to some unconscious crime,  
Dared joys forbid to man? Oh, Light supreme,  
Upon our brows transfiguring glory rain,  
Nor let the sword of thy just angel gleam  
On two who entered heaven before their time !

WESTLAND MARSTON.

✓  
LOVE'S WAY.

STRIVE not Love's stream tumultuous to  
stay

With social boulders ; neither aid its force :

If it have volume, it will run its course,

Make its own bridal bed, and have its way.

W. WILSEY MARTIN.

PAOLO E FRANCESCA.

**A**S molecules together whirl in fire,  
When oxygen woos carbon into flame,  
Some frail affinities, with scorch of shame,  
Whirl down the winds of passion and desire.

W. WILSEY MARTIN.

## A U B A D E.

**W**HEN fair Hyperion dons his night attire,  
Purple and silver, and his eyes with sleep  
Go trembling, and the lids a-kissing keep,  
And up he wings the plains of heaven the higher  
The starry meadows all uncurl and creep  
With twinkling shoots that tremble out and  
leap  
From buds into a blossoming of fire.

When Spring, with primrose fillet round her  
brows,  
Drifts on the dawn into the hyacinth west,  
And flings fresh handfuls hoarded in her nest  
Of tasty flowers, to Flora making vows,  
The snow leaps down the mountain-side, and,  
press'd  
With weight of leaves, the earth at happiest,  
Rills into rivers thick from blossom-boughs.

When Liris comes sometime at break of day  
To take the vervain garlands from the door,  
I've hung there fresh with dew an hour before,  
And chances with soft eyes to look my way,  
My heart brims out with love, and crowding  
o'er,  
The passion-songs and rhythms spring and  
pour,  
As storms in June, or blossom-boughs in May.

THEO. MARZIALS.

✓ THE PHIAL AND THE PHILTRE.

MY lady has a casket cut  
In scarlet coral, crimson-red ;  
Like Cupid's bow, to keep it shut,  
Two pouting locks are tightenèd,  
In cunning curvings chisellèd.

Some mighty wizard it did make,  
So strong that nothing can undo ;  
And if you thence would treasure take,  
You press your lips the clasping to ;  
The magic word 's "*I love but you !*"

You 'll find a row of pearls within,  
As pure as scarce come from the sea,  
And set the rose and crimson in,  
Twinkling with sweetest symmetry, —  
I trow most beautiful to see !

And eke the clasp 's so cunning wrought,  
That as it opens, treble clear,  
There comes a music, glib befraught,  
Like silver lutes, that to the ear  
As sweet love-ditties do appear.

And there within, as peach and rose,  
And pine and plum, most savoury choice,  
Elixirs sweet my Lady stows,  
To make the saddest heart rejoice,  
Or passionate the poet's voice.

A rich soul-philtre, that to sip  
I swear must be to drain it dry,  
And never take away your lip  
Till time has toll'd your time to die,  
Yet dying, love eternally.

THEO. MARZIALS.



THE ROSE OF HER CHEEK.

**T**HE rose of her cheek may wane and die,  
Her hair's gold fibre dull and decay ;  
But love has a colour not fused to fly,  
In the fabric that never shall wear away.

THEO. MARZIALS.

THE TULIP TO ONE BLOSSOM  
BLOWS.

**T**HE tulip to one blossom blows ;  
One ritournel the merlès sing ;  
My being with one great love glows,  
Whence all my fancies sprout and spring.

THEO. MARZIALS.

NOT I, SWEET SOUL, NOT I.

**A**LL glorious as the Rainbow's birth,  
She came in Springtide's golden hours ;  
When Heaven went hand-in-hand with Earth,  
And May was crowned with buds and flowers.  
The mounting devil at my heart  
Clomb faintlier, as my life did win  
Thé charmèd heaven she wrought apart,  
To wake its better Angel in.  
With radiant mien she trode serene,  
And passed me smiling by !  
Oh ! who that looked could help but love ?  
Not I, sweet soul, not I.

The dewy eyelids of the Dawn  
Ne'er oped such heaven as hers did show :  
It seemed her dear eyes might have shone  
As jewels in some starry brow.  
Her face flashed glory like a shrine  
Of lily-bell with sunburst bright,  
Where came and went love-thoughts divine,  
As low winds walk the leaves in light :

She wore her beauty with the grace  
Of Summer's star-clad sky ;  
Oh ! who that looked could help but love ?  
Not I, sweet soul, not I.

Her budding breasts like fragrant fruit  
Of love were ripening to be pressed :  
Her voice, that shook my heart's red root,  
Might not have broken a Babe's rest, —  
More liquid than the running brooks,  
More vernal than the voice of Spring,  
When Nightingales are in their nooks,  
And all the leafy thickets ring.  
The love she coyly hid at heart  
Was shyly conscious in her eye ;  
Oh ! who that looked could help but love ?  
Not I, sweet soul, not I.

GERALD MASSEY.

AT DINNER SHE IS HOSTESS.

**A**T dinner she is hostess, I am host.  
Went the feast ever cheerfuller? She  
keeps

The topic over intellectual deeps  
In buoyancy afloat. They see no ghost.  
With sparkling surface-eyes we ply the ball.  
It is in truth a most contagious game :  
HIDING THE SKELETON shall be its name.  
Such play as this the devils might appall !  
But here 's the greater wonder ; in that we,  
Enamoured of our acting and our wits,  
Admire each other like true hypocrites.  
Warm lighted glances, Love's Ephemeræ,  
Shoot gaily o'er the dishes and the wine.  
We waken envy of our happy lot.  
Fast, sweet, and golden, shows our marriage-  
knot.  
Dear guests, you now have seen Love's corpse-  
light shine !

GEORGE MEREDITH.

LOVE WITHIN THE LOVER'S  
BREAST.

**L**OVE within the lover's breast  
Burns like Hesper in the West,  
O'er the ashes of the sun,  
Till the day and night are done ;  
Then, when dawn drives up his car —  
Lo ! it is the morning star.

Love ! thy love pours down on mine,  
As the sunlight on the vine,  
As the snow rill on the vale,  
As the salt breeze on the sail ;  
As the song unto the bird  
On my lips thy name is heard.

As a dewdrop on the rose  
In thy heart my passion glows ;  
As a skylark to the sky,  
Up into thy breast I fly ;  
As a sea-shell of the sea  
Ever shall I sing of thee.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

## A DEAD MARCH.

PLAY me a march low-toned and slow, — a  
march for a silent tread,  
Fit for the wandering feet of one who dreams  
of the silent dead,  
Lonely, between the bones below and the souls  
that are overhead.

Here for a while they smiled and sang, alive in  
the interspace,  
Here with the grass beneath the foot, and the  
stars above the face,  
Now are their feet beneath the grass, and  
whither has flown their grace?

Who shall assure us whence they come or tell us  
the way they go?  
Verily, life with them was joy, and now they  
have left us, woe.  
Once they were not, and now they are not, and  
this is the sum we know.



Orderly range the seasons due, and orderly roll  
the stars.

How shall we deem the soldier brave who frets  
of his wounds and scars?

Are we as senseless brutes that we should dash  
at the well-seen bars?

No, we are here with feet unfixed, but ever as  
if with lead

Drawn from the orbs which shine above to the  
orb on which we tread,

Down to the dust from which we came and with  
which we shall mingle dead.

No, we are here to wait and work, and strain  
our banished eyes,

Weary and sick of soil and toil, and hungry and  
fain for skies

Far from the reach of wingless men and not to  
be scaled with cries.

Why do we mourn the days that go, — for the  
same sun shines each day,

Ever a spring her primrose hath, and ever a May  
her may, —

Sweet as the rose that died last year, is the rose  
that is born to-day.



Do we not too return, we men, as ever the  
round earth whirls?

Never a head is dimmed with gray but another  
is sunned with curls.

She was a girl and he was a boy, but yet there  
are boys and girls.

Ah, but alas for the smile of smiles that never  
but one face wore !

Ah, for the voice that has flown away like a bird  
to an unseen shore !

Ah, for the face — the flower of flowers — that  
blossoms on earth no more !

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

## THE SECRET.

SHE passes in her beauty bright  
Amongst the mean, amongst the gay,  
And all are brighter for the sight,  
And bless her as she goes her way.

And now a beam of pity pours,  
And now a spark of spirit flies,  
Uncounted, from the unlocked stores  
Of her rich lips and precious eyes.

And all men look, and all men smile,  
But no man looks on her as I :  
They mark her for a little while,  
But I will watch her till I die.

And if I wonder now and then  
Why this so strange a thing should be —  
That she be seen by wiser men  
And only duly loved by me ;

I only wait a little longer,  
And watch her radiance in the room ;  
Here making light a little stronger,  
And there obliterating gloom

(Like one who in a tangled way  
Watches the broken sun fall through,  
Turning to gold the faded spray  
And making diamonds of dew),

Until at last, as my heart burns,  
She gathers all her scattered light,  
And undivided radiance turns  
Upon me like a sea of light.

And then I know they see in part  
That which God lets me worship whole :  
He gives them glances of her heart,  
But me, the sunshine of her soul.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

FAIR STAR THAT ON THE SHOULDER  
OF YON HILL.

FAIR star that on the shoulder of yon hill  
Peepest, a little eye of tranquil night,  
Come forth. Nor sun nor moon there is to kill  
Thy ray with broader light.  
Shine, star of eve that art so bright and clear ;  
Shine, little star, and bring my lover here.

My lover ! oh, fair word for maid to hear !  
My lover who was yesterday my friend !  
Oh, strange we did not know before how near .  
Our stream of life smoothed to its fated end !  
Shine, star of eve, as Love's self bright and clear ;  
Shine, little star, and bring my lover here.

He comes ! I hear the echo of his feet.  
He comes ! I fear to stay, I cannot go.  
O Love, that thou art shame-fast, bitter-sweet ;  
Mingled with pain, and conversant with woe !  
Shine, star of eve, more bright as night draws  
near ;  
Shine, little star, and bring my lover here.

LEWIS MORRIS.

OH, VERMEIL ROSE AND SWEET.

O H, vermeil rose and sweet,  
Rose with the golden heart of hidden  
fire,  
Bear thou my yearning soul to him I love,  
Bear thou my longing and desire.

Glide safe, O sweet, sweet rose,  
By fairy-fall and cliff and mimic strand,  
To where he muses by the sleeping stream,  
Then eddy to his hand.

Drown not, O vermeil rose,  
But from thy dewy petals let a tear  
Fall soft for joy when thou shalt know the touch  
And presence of my dear.

Tell him, O sweet, sweet rose,  
That I grow fixed no more, nor flourish now  
In the sweet maiden garden-ground of old,  
But severed even as thou.

Say from thy golden heart,  
From virgin folded leaf and odorous breath,  
That I am his to wear or cast away,  
His own in life or death.

LEWIS MORRIS.

THY SHADOW, O TARDY NIGHT.

THY shadow, O tardy night,  
    Creeps onward by valley and hill,  
And scarce to my streaming sight  
    Show the white road-reaches still.  
O night, stay now a little, little space,  
And let me see the light of my beloved's face !

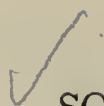
My love is late, O night,  
    And what has kept him away?  
For I know that he takes not delight  
    In the garish joys of day.  
Haste, night, dear night, that bring'st my love  
    to me !

What if his footsteps halt and tarry but for thee !

Nay, what if his footsteps slide  
    By the swaying bridge of pine,  
And whirled seaward by the tide  
    Is the loved form I counted mine !  
O night, dear night, that comest yet dost not  
    come,  
How shall I wait the hour that brings my darling  
    home ?

LEWIS MORRIS.





SONG : TO PSYCHE.

**O** PENSIVE, tender maid, downcast and shy,  
Who turnest pale e'en at the name of  
love,  
And with flush'd face must pass the elm-tree by,  
Asham'd to hear the passionate gray dove  
Moan to his mate, thee too the god shall move,  
Thee too the maidens shall ungird one day,  
And with thy girdle put thy shame away.

What then, and shall white winter ne'er be  
done  
Because the glittering frosty morn is fair?  
Because against the early setting sun  
Bright show the gilded boughs, though waste and  
bare?  
Because the robin singeth free from care?  
Ah! these are memories of a better day  
When on earth's face the lips of summer lay.



Come then, beloved one, for such as thee  
Love loveth, and their hearts he knoweth well,  
Who hoard their moments of felicity,  
As misers hoard the medals that they tell,  
Lest on the earth but paupers they should dwell :  
“ We hide our love to bless another day ;  
The world is hard, youth passes quick,” they say.

Ah, little ones, but if ye could forget  
Amidst your outpour'd love that you must die,  
Then ye, my servants, were death's conquerors  
yet,  
And love to you should be eternity  
How quick soever might the days go by :  
Yes, ye are made immortal on the day  
Ye cease the dusty grains of time to weigh.

Thou hearkenest, love? Oh, make no sem-  
blance then  
Thou art beloved, but as thy wont is  
Turn thy gray eyes away from eyes of men  
With hands down-dropp'd, that tremble with  
thy bliss,  
With hidden eyes, take thy first lover's kiss ;  
Call this eternity which is to-day,  
Nor dream that this our love can pass away.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

## THE FIRST LYRIC.

**L**OVE is enough : though the World be a  
waning  
And the woods have no voice but the voice  
of complaining,  
Though the sky be too dark for dim eyes to  
discover  
The gold-cups and daisies fair blooming there-  
under,  
Though the hills be held shadows, and the sea  
a dark wonder,  
And this day draw a veil over all deeds passed  
over,  
Yet their hands shall not tremble, their feet shall  
not falter ;  
The void shall not weary, the fear shall not alter  
These lips and these eyes of the loved and the  
lover.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

## THE CONCLUDING LYRIC.

**L**OVE is enough : ho, ye who seek saving,  
Go no further ; come hither ; there have  
been who have found it,  
And these know the House of Fulfilment of  
Craving ;  
These know the Cup with the roses around it ;  
These know the World's wound and the balm  
that hath bound it :  
Cry out, the World heedeth not, " Love, lead  
us home ! "

He leadeth, he hearkeneth, he cometh to you-  
ward ;  
Set your faces as steel to the fears that assemble  
Round his goad for the faint, and his scourge  
for the froward :  
Lo, his lips, how with tales of last kisses they  
tremble !

Lo, his eyes of all sorrow that may not dissemble !  
Cry out, for he heedeth, "O Love, lead us  
home."

Oh, hearken the words of his voice of compassion :  
"Come cling round about me, ye faithful who  
sicken

Of the weary unrest and the world's passing  
fashion !

As the rain in mid-morning your troubles shall  
thicken,

But surely within you some Godhead doth  
quicken,

As ye cry to me heeding, and leading you home.

"Come — pain ye shall have, and be blind to  
the ending !

Come — fear ye shall have, mid the sky's over-  
casting !

Come — change ye shall have, for far are ye  
wending !

Come — no crown ye shall have for your thirst  
and your fasting

But the kissed lips of Love and fair life ever-  
lasting !

Cry out, for one heedeth who leadeth you  
home !"

Is he gone? was he with us? ho, ye who seek  
saving,

Go no further; come hither; for have we not  
found it?

Here is the House of Fulfilment of Craving,

Here is the Cup with the roses around it;

The World's wound well healed, and the balm  
that hath bound it:

Cry out! for he heedeth, fair Love that led  
home.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

BESIDE A BIER.

I HAD never kissed her her whole life long, —  
Now I stand by her bier, does she feel  
How with love that the waiting years made strong,  
I set on her lips my seal?

Will she wear my kiss in the grave's long night,  
And wake sometimes with a thrill,  
From dreams of the old life's missed delight,  
To feel that the grave is chill?

"It was warm," will she say, "in that world  
above ;  
It was warm, but I did not know  
How he loved me there, with his whole life's  
love, —  
It is cold down here below."

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.



FOR ME ALONE.

**B**ECAUSE your eyes are blue, your lips are  
red,  
And the soft hair is golden on your head,  
And your sweet smiling can make glad the day,  
And on your cheeks pink roses have their way,  
Should I adore you?

Some other maids have shining golden hair,  
And other cheeks the June's pink roses wear,  
And other eyes can set the day alight,  
And other lips can smile with youth's delight, —  
Why bow before you?

But if the eyes are blue for me alone,  
And if for only me the rose has blown,  
And but for me the lips their sweet smile wear,  
Then shall you mesh me in your golden hair, —  
I will adore you.

And as my saint, my soul's one shining star,  
That lights my darkness from its throne afar,  
As lights the summer moon the waiting sea,  
With all I am, and all I strive to be,  
I'll bow before you.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.



## HEREAFTER.

**I**N after years a twilight ghost shall fill  
With shadowy presence all thy waiting room :  
From lips of air thou canst not kiss the bloom ;  
Yet at old kisses will thy pulses thrill,  
And the old longing that thou couldst not kill,  
Feeling her presence in the gathering gloom,  
Will mock thee with the hopelessness of doom,  
While she stands there and smiles, serene and  
still.

Thou canst not vex her, then, with passion's pain :  
Call, and the silence will thy call repeat ;  
But she will smile there, with cold lips and  
sweet,  
Forgetful of old tortures, and the chain  
That once she wore, the tears she wept in vain,  
At passing from her threshold of thy feet.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

## THE SHADOW DANCE.

SHE sees her image in the glass, —  
How fair a thing to gaze upon !  
She lingers, while the moments run,  
With happy thoughts that come and pass,

Like winds across the meadow grass  
When the young June is just begun :  
She sees her image in the glass, —  
How fair a thing to gaze upon !

What wealth of gold the skies amass !  
How glad are all things 'neath the sun !  
How true the love her love hath won !  
She recks not that this hour will pass ;  
She sees her image in the glass.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

## FORTUNIO'S SONG.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALFRED DE MUSSET.

COMRADES ! in vain ye seek to learn  
For whom I burn ;  
Not for a kingdom would I dare  
Her name declare.

But we will chant in chorus still, —  
If so you will, —  
That she I love is blonde and sweet,  
As blades of wheat.

Whate'er her wayward fancies ask  
Becomes my task ;  
Should she my very life demand,  
'T is in her hand.

The pain of passion unrevealed  
Can scarce be healed :  
Such pain within my heart I bear,  
To my despair :

Nathless I love her all too well  
Her name to tell ;  
And I would sooner die than e'er  
Her name declare.

GEORGE MURRAY.

## HAVE OTHER LOVERS?

“**H**AVE other lovers — say, my love —  
Loved thus before to-day?”

“They may have ; yes ! they may, my love ;  
Not long ago they may.”

“But though they worshipped thee, my love,  
Thy maiden heart was free?”

“Don’t ask too much of me, my love ;  
Don’t ask too much of me !”

“Yet now ’t is you and I, my love,  
Love’s wings no more will fly?”

“If Love could never die, my love,  
Our love should never die.”

“For shame ! and is this so, my love,  
And Love and I must go?”

“Indeed, I do not know, my love ;  
My life, I do not know.”

“You will, you must be true, my love,  
Nor look and love anew!”  
“I’ll see what I can do, my love;  
I’ll see what I can do.”

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

SONG.

**M**Y sweet, my sweet,  
She is complete,  
From dainty head to darling feet ;  
So warm and white,  
So brown and bright,  
So made for love and love's delight.

God could but spare  
One flower so fair ;  
'There is none like her anywhere.  
Beneath wide skies  
The whole earth lies,  
But not two other such brown eyes.

The world we 're in,  
If one might win ?  
Not worth that dimple in her chin !  
A heaven to know ?  
I'll let that go  
But once to see her lids droop low



Over her eyes,  
By love made wise :  
To see her bosom fall and rise  
Is more than worth  
The angels' mirth,  
And all the heaven-joys of earth.

This is the hour  
Which gives me power  
To win and wear earth's whitest flower.  
O Love, give grace,  
Through all life's ways,  
Keep pure this heart, her dwelling-place !

E. NESBIT.

## SPLENDIDE MENDAX.

**W**HEN God some day shall call my name  
And scorch me with a blaze of shame,  
Bringing to light my inmost thought  
And all the evil I have wrought,

Tearing away the veils I wove  
To hide my foulness from my love,  
And leaving my transgressions bare  
To the whole heaven's clear, cold air —

When all the angels weep to see  
The branded outcast soul of me,  
One saint at least will hide her face, —  
She will not look at my disgrace.

“ At least, O God, O God Most High,  
He loved me truly ! ” she will cry,  
And God will pause before He send  
My soul to find its fitting end.

Then, lest heaven's light should leave her face  
To think one loved her and was base,  
I will speak out at judgment day, —  
“ I never loved her ! ” I will say.

E. NESBIT.

## THE KISS.

THE snow is white on wood and wold,  
The wind is in the firs,  
So dead my heart is with the cold,  
No pulse within it stirs,  
Even to see your face, my dear,  
Your face that was my sun ;  
There is no spring this bitter year,  
And summer's dreams are done.

The snakes that lie about my heart  
Are in their wintry sleep ;  
Their fangs no more deal sting and smart,  
No more they curl and creep.  
Love with the summer ceased to be ;  
The frost is firm and fast.  
God keep the summer far from me,  
And let the snakes' sleep last !

Touch of your hand could not suffice  
To waken them once more ;  
Nor could the sunshine of your eyes  
A ruined spring restore.

But ah — your lips ! You know the rest :  
The snows are summer rain,  
My eyes are wet, and in my breast  
The snakes' fangs meet again.

E. NESBIT.

## THE MILL.

**T**HE wheel goes round, the wheel goes round  
With drip and whir and plash,  
It keeps all green the grassy ground,  
The alder, beech, and ash.  
The ferns creep out mid mosses cool,  
Forget-me-nots are found  
Blue in the shadow by the pool —  
And still the wheel goes round.

Round goes the wheel, round goes the wheel,  
The foam is white like cream,  
The merry waters dance and reel  
Along the stony stream.  
The little garden of the mill,  
It is enchanted ground,  
I smell its stocks and wall-flowers still,  
And still the wheel goes round.

The wheel goes round, the wheel goes round,  
And life's wheel too must go, —  
But all their clamour has not drowned  
A voice I used to know.

Her window 's blank. The garden 's bare  
As her chill new-made mound,  
But still my heart's delight is there,  
And still the wheel goes round.

E. NESBIT.

## A PASTORAL.

**M**Y love and I among the mountains strayed,  
When heaven and earth in summer heat  
were still,

Aware anon that at our feet were laid,  
Within a sunny hollow of the hill,  
A long-haired shepherd lover and a maid.

They saw nor heard us, who a space above,  
With hands clasped close as hers were clasped  
in his,  
Marked how the gentle golden sunlight strove  
To play about their leaf-crowned curls, and kiss  
Their burnished slender limbs, half-barèd to his  
love.

But grave or pensive seemed the boy to grow,  
For while upon the grass unfingered lay  
The slim twin-pipes, he ever watched with slow  
Dream-laden looks the ridge that far away  
Surmounts the sleeping midsummer with snow.



These things we saw ; moreover we could hear  
The girl's soft voice of laughter, grown more  
bold

With the utter noonday silence, sweet and clear :  
" Why dost thou think ? By thinking one grows  
old.

Wouldst thou for all the world be old, my dear ? "

Here my love turned to me, but her eyes told  
Her thought with smiles before she spoke a  
word ;

And being quick their meaning to behold,

I could not chuse but echo what we heard :  
" Sweetheart, wouldst thou for all the world be  
old ? "

J. B. B. NICHOLS.

✓ SECUNDUM ALTITUDINEM CÆLI  
A TERRA.

O LOVE, O love, I cannot dare to love you,  
I will not try to love ;  
As soon might heaven's flowers, the stars above  
you,  
Fall from above,

And be transformed to buds of mortal blossom,  
Stars which can fade and die,  
For you to pluck and fill your hands and bosom  
As you passed by.

Assoon I hope could night be turned to morning,  
And morning changed to night,  
As your sweet soul be touched with aught but  
scorning  
At my soul's sight.

Oh, pray to God (I think that God will hear you,  
If any God there be)  
That I bring never my dishonour near you  
For you to see.

Oh, pray to God (if God is good, he loves you),  
Pray to him earnestly,  
If ever to aught of love my presence moves you,  
That I may die.

Child, I were more than glad to die to-morrow,  
Truly to die were gain,  
If I could spare you thus one pulse of sorrow,  
One sigh of pain.

Love, if my soul, cut off in grief and sinning,  
Could get your Paradise,  
Think you salvation would be worth the winning,  
Or heaven a prize?

Lo, if in lifting up mine eyes distressed,  
This bliss I yet might win,  
To see far off the gardens of the blessed,  
You crowned therein;

Lo ! if mine ears all other comfort wanting,  
Deafened and drowned in hell,  
Could catch one faintest echo of your chanting,  
Were it not well?

See you now : dreams and words ! as weak and  
aimless

As leaves whirled on a stream ;  
But my poor love that seeks but to be blameless,  
That is no dream.

J. B. B. NICHOLS.

✓

## VIGILATE ITAQUE.

**T**HE restless years that come and go,  
The cruel years so swift and slow,  
Once in our lives perchance will show  
What they can give that we may know ;

Too soon perchance, or else too late ;  
We may look back or we may wait ;  
The years are incompassionate,  
And who shall touch the robe of fate ?

Once only ; haply if we keep  
Watch with our lamps and do not sleep,  
Our eyes shall, when the night is deep,  
Behold the bridegroom's face, — and weep.

Alas ! for better far it were  
That Love were heedless of our prayer  
Than that his glory he should bare  
And show himself to our despair.

Better to wander till we die  
And never come the door anigh,  
Than weeping sore without to lie  
And get no answer to our cry.

O child ! the night is cold and blind,  
The way is rough with rain and wind,  
Narrow and steep and hard to find ;  
But I have found thee.— love, be kind.

J. B. B. NICHOLS.

## THE HORIZON.

O H, would, oh, would that thou and I,  
Now this brief day of love is past,  
Could toward the sunset straightway fly,  
And fold our wearied wings at last  
There, where the sea-line meets the sky.

A sweet thing and a strange 't would be  
Thus, thus to break our prison bars,  
And know that we at last were free  
As voiceful waves and silent stars, —  
There, where the sky-line meets the sea.

But vain the longing ! thou and I,  
As we have been must ever be,  
Yet thither, wind, oh, waft my sigh,  
There where the sky-line meets the sea, —  
There where the sea-line meets the sky.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.



## SHADOWS.

A ZURE of sky and silver of cloud  
In the deep dark water show,  
Amber of field and emerald of wood  
That were pictured long ago.

Here, as of old, the beauty above,  
And its shadow there below ;  
Why was their message jubilant then,  
And their meaning now but woe ?

Nay, not the same, O fool, as of yore !  
These be other leaves that grow,  
Other the harvests, other the waves ;  
Other the breezes that blow.

Sameness in sooth, but difference too ;  
And a simple change I know,  
Within beholder, without in scene,  
It may alter meaning so !



Shadow of her who looked down with me,  
In the depths so long ago —  
Were all your archness glimmering there,  
Would the picture breathe but woe?

JOSEPH O'CONNOR.

## A DREAM.

A DREAM took hold of the heart of a man,  
To hold it more than a mere dream can ;  
For the dream was wonderful, glorious, bright,  
A splendour by day and a love by night,  
In an earth all heaven, in a heaven all light —  
For the dream was a woman, womanly, white.

And the dream became such a part of the man,  
That it did for him more than a mere dream can ;  
For soothing sorrows, transforming tears,  
It lifted him higher than hopes and fears ;  
It dwelt with him days and months and years,  
Made love and religion, and faith and prayers.

And who need be told how the dream began  
To fail and to fade from the heart of the man ;  
Nay, it vanished, it broke, as the fitfullest gleam  
Of the sun that fades on the fitfullest stream ;  
And there went with it love and religion, I deem,  
And faith and glory and hope, it would seem ;  
For that dream was a woman, that woman a  
dream.

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

## A FAREWELL.

**H**ATH any loved you well down there,  
Summer or winter through?  
Down there, have you found any fair  
Laid in the grave with you?  
Is death's long kiss a richer kiss  
Than mine was wont to be?  
Or have you gone to some far bliss,  
And quite forgotten me?

What soft enamouring of sleep  
Hath you in some soft way?  
What charmed death holdeth you with deep  
Strange lure by night and day?  
A little space below the grass,  
Out of the sun and shade ;  
But worlds away from me, alas !  
Down there where you are laid !

My bright hair's waved and wasted gold,  
What is it now to thee  
Whether the rose-red life I hold  
Or white death holdeth me?  
Down there you love the grave's own green,  
And evermore you rave  
Of some sweet seraph you have seen  
Or dreamed of in the grave.

There you shall lie as you have lain,  
Though in the world above  
Another live your life again,  
Loving again your love ;  
Is it not sweet beneath the palm?  
Is not the warm day rife  
With some long mystic golden calm  
Better than love and life?

The broad quaint odorous leaves, like hands  
Weaving the fair day through,  
Weave sleep no burnished bird withstands,  
While death weaves sleep for you ;  
And many a strange rich breathing sound  
Ravishes morn and noon ;  
And in that place you must have found  
Death a delicious swoon.

Hold me no longer for a word  
I used to say or sing ;  
Ah ! long ago you must have heard  
So many a sweeter thing :  
For rich earth must have reached your heart,  
And turned the faith to flowers ;  
And warm wind stolen, part by part,  
Your soul through faithless hours.

And many a soft seed must have won  
Soil of some yielding thought,  
To bring a bloom up to the sun  
That else had ne'er been brought ;  
And doubtless many a passionate hue  
Hath made that place more fair,  
Making some passionate part of you  
Faithless to me down there.

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

## SONG.

**H**AS summer come without the rose,  
Or left the bird behind?  
Is the blue changed above thee,  
O world ! or am I blind?  
Will you change every flower that grows,  
Or only change this spot,  
Where she who said, I love thee,  
Now says, I love thee not?

The skies seemed true above thee,  
The rose true on the tree ;  
The bird seemed true the summer through,  
But all proved false to me.  
World, is there one good thing in you,  
Life, love, or death — or what?  
Since lips that sang, I love thee,  
Have said, I love thee not?

I think the sun's kiss will scarce fall  
    Into one flower's gold cup ;  
I think the bird will miss me,  
    And give the summer up.  
O sweet place ! desolate in tall  
    Wild grass, have you forgot  
How her lips loved to kiss me  
    Now that they kiss me not?

Be false or fair above me,  
    Come back with any face,  
Summer ! do I care what you do?  
    You cannot change one place —  
The grass, the leaves, the earth, the dew,  
    The grave I make this spot —  
Here, where she used to love me,  
    Here, where she loves me not.

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.



## SUPREME SUMMER.

O HEART full of song in the sweet song-  
weather,

A voice fills each bower, a wing shakes each  
tree,

Come forth, O winged singer, on song's fairest  
feather,

And make a sweet fame of my love and of me.

The blithe world shall ever have fair loving  
leisure,

And long is the summer for bird and for bee ;  
But too short the summer and too keen the  
pleasure

Of me kissing her and of her kissing me.

Songs shall not cease of the hills and the heather ;

Songs shall not fail of the land and the sea :  
But, O heart, if you sing not while we are  
together,

What man shall remember my love or me ?



Some million of summers hath been and not  
known her,  
Hath known and forgotten loves less fair than  
she ;  
But one summer knew her, and grew glad to  
own her,  
And made her its flower, and gave her to me.

And she and I loving, on earth seem to sever  
Some part of the great blue from heaven each  
day :  
I know that the heaven and the earth are for  
ever,  
But that which we take shall with us pass away.

And that which she gives me shall be for no lover  
In any new love-time, the world's lasting while ;  
The world, when it looses, shall never recover  
The gold of her hair nor the sun of her smile.

A tree grows in heaven, where no season blanches  
Or stays the new fruit through the long golden  
clime ;  
My love reaches up, takes a fruit from its branches,  
And gives it to me to be mine for all time.

What care I for other fruits, fed with new fire,  
Plucked down by new lovers in fair future line?  
The fruit that I have is the thing I desire,  
To live of and die of,— the sweet she makes  
mine.

And she and I loving, are king of one summer  
And queen of one summer to gather and glean :  
The world is for us what no fair future comer  
Shall find it or dream it could ever have been.

The earth, as we lie on its bosom, seems pressing  
A heart up to bear us and mix with our heart ;  
The blue, as we wonder, drops down a great  
blessing  
That soothes us and fills us and makes the  
tears start.

The summer is full of strange hundredth-year  
flowers,  
That breathe all their lives the warm air of  
our love,  
And never shall know a love other than ours  
Till once more some phoenix-star flowers  
above.

The silver cloud passing is friend of our loving ;  
The sea, never knowing this year from last  
year,  
Is thick with fair words, between roaring and  
soughing,  
For her and me only to gather and hear.

Yea, the life that we lead now is better and  
sweeter,  
I think, than shall be in the world by and bye ;  
For those days, be they longer or fewer or fleeter,  
I will not exchange on the day that I die.

I shall die when the rose-tree about and above me  
Her red kissing mouth seems hath kissed  
summer through :  
I shall die on the day that she ceases to love  
me —  
But that will not be till the day she dies too.

Then, fall on us, dead leaves of our dear roses,  
And ruins of summer fall on us erelong,  
And hide us away where our dead year reposes ;  
Let all that we leave in the world be — a song.

And, O song that I sing now while we are  
together,

Go, sing to some new year of women and men,  
How I and she loved in the long loving weather,  
And ask if they love on as we two loved then.

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

AS ONE WOULD STAND WHO SAW A  
SUDDEN LIGHT.

**A**S one would stand who saw a sudden light  
Flood down the world, and so encom-  
pass him,

And in that world illumined Seraphim  
Brooded above and gladdened to his sight ;  
So stand I in the flame of one great thought,  
That broadens to my soul from where she waits,  
Who, yesterday, drew wide the inner gates  
Of all my being to the hopes I sought.

Her words come to me like a summer-song,  
Blown from the throat of some sweet nightin-  
gale ;

I stand within her light the whole day long,  
And think upon her till the white stars fail :  
I lift my head towards all that makes life wise,  
And see no farther than my lady's eyes.

GILBERT PARKER.

IF DEATH SHOULD COME TO ME  
TO-NIGHT, AND SAY.

**I**F Death should come to me to-night, and say :  
“ I weigh thy destiny ; behold, I give  
One little day with this thy love to live,  
Then, my embrace ; or, leave her for alway,  
And thou shalt walk a full array of years ;  
Upon thee shall the world's large honours fall,  
And praises clamorous shall make for all  
Thy strivings rich amends.” If in my ears  
Thou saidst, “ I love thee ! ” I would straightway  
cry,  
“ A thousand years upon this barren earth  
Is death without her : for that day I die,  
And count my life for it of poorest worth.”  
Love's reckoning is too noble to be told  
By Time's slow fingers on its sands of gold.

GILBERT PARKER.



## DEPARTURE.

**I**T was not like your great and gracious  
ways !  
Do you, that have nought other to lament,  
Never, my Love, repent  
Of how, that July afternoon,  
You went,  
With sudden, unintelligible phrase,  
And frighten'd eye,  
Upon your journey of so many days,  
Without a single kiss, or a good-bye ?  
I knew, indeed, that you were parting soon ;  
And so we sate, within the low sun's rays,  
You whispering to me, for your voice was weak,  
Your harrowing praise.  
Well, it was well,  
To hear you such things speak,  
And I could tell  
What made your eyes a growing gloom of love,  
As a warm south-wind sombres a March grove.



And it was like your great and gracious ways  
To turn your talk on daily things, my Dear,  
Lifting the luminous, pathetic lash  
To let the laughter flash,  
Whilst I drew near,  
Because you spoke so low that I could scarcely  
hear.

But all at once to leave me at the last,  
More at the wonder than the loss aghast,  
With huddled, unintelligible phrase,  
And frighten'd eye,  
And go your journey of all days  
With not one kiss, or a good-bye,  
And the only loveless look the look with which  
you passed :

'T was all unlike your great and gracious ways.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

## CADENCES.

### MINOR.

#### I.

**T**HE ancient memories buried lie,  
And the olden fancies pass ;  
The old sweet flower-thoughts wither and fly,  
And die as the April cowslips die  
That scatter the bloomy grass.

#### II.

All dead, my dear ! And the flowers are dead,  
And the happy blossoming spring ;  
The winter comes with its iron tread,  
The fields with the dying sun are red,  
And the birds have ceased to sing.

#### III.

I trace the steps on the wasted strand  
Of the vanished springtime's feet :  
Withered and dead is our Fairyland,  
For Love and Death go hand in hand —  
Go hand in hand, my sweet !

MAJOR.

I.

Oh, what shall be the burden of our rhyme,  
And what shall be our ditty when the blossom's  
on the lime?

Our lips have fed on winter and on weariness  
too long :

We will hail the royal summer with a golden-  
footed song.

II.

O lady of my summer and my spring,  
We shall hear the blackbird whistle and the  
brown sweet throstle sing,

And the low clear noise of waters running softly  
by our feet,

When the sights and sounds of summer in the  
green clear fields are sweet.

III.

We shall see the roses blowing in the green,  
The pink-lipped roses kissing in the golden  
summer sheen ;

We shall see the fields flower thick with stars  
and bells of summer gold,

And the poppies burn out red and sweet across  
the corn-crowned wold.

IV.

The time shall be for pleasure, not for pain ;  
There shall come no ghost of grieving for the  
past betwixt us twain ;  
But in the time of roses our lives shall grow  
together,  
And our love be as the love of gods in the blue  
Olympian weather.

JOHN PAYNE.



CHANT ROYAL OF THE GOD OF  
LOVE.

I.

**O** MOST fair God, O Love both new and old,  
That wast before the flowers of morning  
blew,  
Before the glad sun in his mail of gold  
Leapt into light across the first day's dew ;  
That art the first and last of our delight,  
That in the blue day and the purple night  
Holdest the hearts of servant and of king,  
Lord of llesse, sovran of sorrowing,  
That in thy hand hast heaven's golden key  
And hell beneath the shadow of thy wing,  
Thou art my Lord to whom I bend the knee !

II.

What thing rejects thy mastery? Who so bold  
But at thine altars in the dusk they sue?

Even the straight pale goddess, silver-stoled,  
That kissed Endymion when the spring was  
new,

To thee did homage in her own despite,  
When in the shadow of her wings of white  
She slid down trembling from her moonèd ring  
To where the Latmian boy lay slumbering,  
And in that kiss put off cold chastity.

Who but acclaim with voice and pipe and  
string,  
“Thou art my Lord to whom I bend the knee !”

### III.

Master of men and gods, in every fold  
Of thy wide vans the sorceries that renew  
The labouring earth, tranced with the winter's  
cold,

Lie hid — the quintessential charms that woo  
The souls of flowers, slain with the sullen might  
Of the dead year, and draw them to the light.

Balsam and blessing to thy garments cling ;  
Skyward and seaward, when thy white hands  
fling

Their spells of healing over land and sea,  
One shout of homage makes the welkin ring,  
“Thou art my Lord to whom I bend the knee !”



IV.

I see thee throned aloft ; thy fair hands hold  
 Myrtles for joy, and euphrasy and rue :  
 Laurels and roses round thy white brows rolled,  
 And in thine eyes the royal heaven's hue :  
 But in thy lips' clear colour, ruddy bright,  
 The heart's blood shines of many a hapless wight.  
 Thou art not only fair and sweet as spring ;  
 Terror and beauty, fear and wondering  
 Meet on thy brow, amazing all that see :  
 All men do praise thee, ay, and everything ;  
 Thou art my Lord to whom I bend the knee !

V.

I fear thee, though I love. Who can behold  
 The sheer sun burning in the orbèd blue,  
 What while the noontide over hill and wold  
 Flames like a fire, except his mazèd view  
 Wither and tremble? So thy splendid sight  
 Fills me with mingled gladness and affright.  
 Thy visage haunts me in the wavering  
 Of dreams, and in the dawn awakening,  
 I feel thy radiance streaming full on me.  
 Both fear and joy unto thy feet I bring ;  
 Thou art my Lord to whom I bend the knee !



ENVOY.

God above Gods, High and Eternal King,  
To whom the spheral symphonies do sing,  
I find no whither from thy power to flee,  
Save in thy pinions vast o'ershadowing.  
Thou art my Lord to whom I bend the knee !

JOHN PAYNE.

## FALSE SPRING.

O BIRDS, 't was not well done of you !  
O flowers and breeze, right well ye knew  
The weary glamour that the spring  
Had laid for me on every thing.  
'T was but to bring me back again  
The memory of the olden pain,  
You lured me out with songs of birds,  
With violet breath and fair false words !

For lo ! my feet had hardly passed  
The woven band of flowerage, cast  
Betwixt the meadows and the trees,  
When, in the bird-songs and the breeze,  
Another strain was taken up ;  
And out of every blue-bell's cup  
The mocking voices sang again  
The olden songs of love and pain.

The flowers did mimic the old grace ;  
The wan white windflowers wore her face ;  
    And in the stream I heard her words ;  
    Her voice came rippling from the birds.  
Dead love, I saw thy form anew  
Bend down among the violets blue,  
    And, like a mist, the memory  
    Of all the past came back to me.

JOHN PAYNE.

## MADRIGAL GAI.

THE summer sunshine comes and goes ;  
The bee hums in the heart of the rose.  
Heart of my hope, the year is sweet ;  
The lilies brighten about my feet.

A new light glitters on land and sea ;  
The turtles couple on every tree.  
Light of my life, the fields are fair ;  
Gossamers tangle thy golden hair.

The air with kisses is blithe and gay ;  
Love is so sweet in the middle of May.  
Sweet of my soul, the brook is blue ;  
Thine eyes with heaven have pierced it through.

Now is the time for kisses, now  
When bird-songs babble from every bough !  
Sweetest, my soul is a bird that sips  
Honey of heaven from out of thy lips.

JOHN PAYNE.

## IN JUNE.

SO sweet, so sweet the roses in their blowing,  
So sweet the daffodils, so fair to see ;  
So blithe and gay the humming-bird a-going  
From flower to flower, a-hunting with the bee.

So sweet, so sweet the calling of the thrushes,  
The calling, cooing, wooing, everywhere ;  
So sweet the water's song through reeds and  
rushes,  
The plover's piping note, now here, now there.

So sweet, so sweet from off the fields of clover  
The west wind blowing, blowing up the hill ;  
So sweet, so sweet with news of some one's lover,  
Fleet footsteps, singing nearer, nearer still.

So near, so near, now listen, listen, thrushes ;  
Now, plover, blackbird, cease, and let me hear ;  
And, water, hush your song through reeds and  
rushes,  
That I may know whose lover cometh near.

So loud, so loud the thrushes kept their calling,  
Plover or blackbird never heeding me ;  
So loud the millstream too kept fretting, falling,  
O'er bar and bank in brawling, boisterous glee.

So loud, so loud ; yet blackbird, thrush nor plover,  
Nor noisy millstream, in its fret and fall,  
Could drown the voice, the low voice of my lover,  
My lover calling through the thrushes' call.

"Come down, come down !" he called, and  
straight the thrushes  
From mate to mate sang all at once, "Come  
down ! "

And while the water laughed through reeds and  
rushes,  
The blackbird chirped, the plover piped,  
"Come down ! "

Then down and off, and through the fields of  
clover,  
I followed, followed at my lover's call ;  
Listening no more to blackbird, thrush or plover,  
The water's laugh, the millstream's fret and  
fall.

NORA PERRY.

## A SONG OF WINTER.

**B**ARB'D blossom of the guarded gorse,  
I love thee where I see thee shine :  
Thou sweetener of our common ways,  
And brightener of our wintry days.

Flower of the gorse, the rose is dead,  
Thou art undying, oh, be mine !  
Be mine with all thy thorns, and prest  
Close on a heart that asks not rest.

I pluck thee, and thy stigma set  
Upon my breast and on my brow ;  
Blow, buds, and 'plenish so my wreath  
That none may know the wounds beneath.

O crown of thorn that seem'st of gold,  
No festal coronal art thou ;  
Thy honey'd blossoms are but hives  
That guard the growth of wingèd lives.



I saw thee in the time of flowers  
As sunshine spill'd upon the land,  
Or burning bushes all ablaze  
With sacred fire ; but went my ways.

I went my ways, and as I went  
Pluck'd kindlier blooms on either hand ;  
Now of those blooms so passing sweet  
None lives to stay my passing feet.

And still thy lamp upon the hill  
Feeds on the autumn's dying sigh,  
And from thy midst comes murmuring  
A music sweeter than in spring.

Barb'd blossoms of the guarded gorse,  
Be mine to wear until I die,  
And mine the wounds of love which still  
Bear witness to his human will.

EMILY PFEIFFER.

## A WIND FROM OFF THE SEA.

**T**HE blue above, the sheep-shorn grass  
beneath,

Over the shoulder of the Down we sped,  
And saw the picture of the world outspread  
Where Solent winds beyond the purple heath.  
And sudden, waked as by the salt sea breath,  
I felt the earth forlorn, because the tread  
Of one who taught my earliest steps had fled,  
And he in cold attainder lay of death.

Then with my tears a kindling triumph strove,  
It was such joy to this poor heart of mine  
To be so shrewdly stung of long lost love ;  
To know it living by a bleeding sign,  
And in the hungry, shaping tooth thereof,  
Feel it at work to make my soul divine.

EMILY PFEIFFER.

TO A LOST LOVE.

I CANNOT look upon thy grave,  
Though there the rose is sweet :  
Better to hear the long wave wash  
These wastes about my feet !

Shall I take comfort? Dost thou live  
A spirit, though afar,  
With a deep hush about thee, like  
The stillness round a star?

Oh, thou art cold ! In that high sphere  
Thou art a thing apart,  
Losing in saner happiness  
This madness of the heart.

And yet, at times, thou still shalt feel  
A passing breath, a pain ;  
Disturb'd, as though a door in heaven  
Had sped and closed again.

And thou shalt shiver, while the hymns,  
The solemn hymns, shall cease ;  
A moment half remember me :  
Then turn away in peace.

But oh ! forevermore thy look,  
Thy laugh, thy charm, thy tone,  
Thy sweet and wayward loveliness,  
Dear trivial things are gone !

Therefore I look not on thy grave,  
Though there the rose is sweet ;  
But rather hear the loud wave wash  
These wastes about my feet.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

PRINCE OF PAINTERS, COME, I PRAY.

PRINCE of painters, come, I pray,  
Paint my love, for, though away,  
King of craftsmen, you can well  
Paint what I to thee can tell.  
First her hair you must indite  
Dark, but soft as summer night ;  
Hast thou no contrivance whence  
To make it breathe its frankincense?  
Rising from her rounded cheek  
Let thy pencil duly speak,  
How below that purpling night  
Glow her forehead ivory-white.  
Mind you neither part nor join  
Those sweet eyebrows' easy line ;  
They must merge, you know, to be  
In separated unity.  
Painter draw, as lover bids,  
Now the dark line of the lids ;  
Painter, now 't is my desire,  
Make her glance from very fire,

Make it as Athene's blue,  
Like Cythera's liquid too ;  
Now to give her cheeks and nose,  
Milk must mingle with the rose ;  
Her lips be like persuasion's made,  
To call for kisses they persuade ;  
And for her delicious chin,  
O'er and under and within,  
And round her soft neck's Parian wall,  
Bid fly the graces, one and all.  
For the rest, enrobe my pet  
In her faint clear violet ;  
But a little truth must show  
There is more that lies below,  
Hold ! thou hast her — that is she.  
Hush ! she 's going to speak to me.

WILLIAM PHILPOT.

## A LAGOON MESSAGE.

NOT now, but later, when the road  
We tread together breaks apart,  
When thou, my dearest, distant art,  
And tedious days have swelled the load  
Upon my heart.

Or haply after that, when I  
Am sealed within an earthy bed,  
Resting and unrememberèd,  
This scene will speak and easily  
The whole be said.

Some eve, when from his burning chair  
The sun below Fusina slips,  
And all the sable poplar tips  
Wave in the warm vermillion air,  
The wind, the lips

Of the soft breeze with wayward touch  
Shall tell thee all I longed to own ;  
And thou, on lurid lakes alone,  
Wilt say : " Poor soul, he loved me much ;  
And he is gone."

PERCY C. PINKERTON.



## A CONQUEST.

I FOUND him openly wearing her token ;  
I knew that her troth could never be  
broken ;

I laid my hand on the hilt of my sword,  
He did the same, and he spoke no word ;  
He faced me with his villainy ;  
He laughed and said, " She gave it me."  
We searched for seconds, they soon were found ;  
They measured our swords ; they measured the  
ground :

They held to the deadly work too fast ;  
They thought to gain our place at last.  
We fought in the sheen of a wintry wood,  
The fair white snow was red with his blood ;  
But his was the victory, for, as he died,  
He swore by the rood that he had not lied.

WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

## THE DEVOUT LOVER.

**I**T is not mine to sing the stately grace,  
The great soul beaming in my lady's face ;  
To write no sounding odes to me is given  
Wherein her eyes outshine the stars in heaven.

Not mine in flowing melodies to tell  
The thousand beauties that I know so well ;  
Not mine to serenade her ev'ry tress,  
And sit and sigh my love in idleness.

But mine it is to follow in her train,  
Do her behests in pleasure or in pain,  
Burn at her altar love's sweet frankincense,  
And worship her in distant reverence.

WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

## BALLADE OF LOVERS.

**F**OR the man was she made by the Eden tree,  
To be decked in soft raiment and worn  
on his sleeve,

To be fondled so long as they both agree, —  
A thing to take, or a thing to leave.

But for her, let her live through one long  
summer eve —

Just the stars, and the moon, and the man, and  
she —

And her soul will escape her beyond reprieve,  
And, alas ! the whole of her world is he.

To-morrow brings plenty as lovesome, maybe ;  
If she break when he handles her, why should  
he grieve ?

She is only one pearl in a pearl-crowded sea, —  
A thing to take, or a thing to leave.

But she, though she knows he has kissed to  
deceive,

And forsakes her, still only clings on at his  
knee —

When life has gone, what further loss can  
bereave?

And, alas ! the whole of her world is he.

For the man was she made upon Eden lea,  
To be helpmeet what time there is burden to  
heave,

White-footed, to follow where he walks free, —  
A thing to take, or a thing to leave ;

White-fingered, to weave and to interweave  
Her woof with his warp, and a tear two or three,  
Till clear his way out through her web he  
cleave,

And, alas ! the whole of her world is he.

#### ENVOI.

Did he own her no more when he called her Eve,  
Than a thing to take, or a thing to leave ?

A flower-filled plot that unlocks to his key —

But, alas ! the whole of her world is he.

MAY PROBYN.

## SONG.

COME what will, you are mine to-day,  
While the wood-birds sing, and the world  
is gay !

You are mine for a moment, come what may ;  
But how will it be when the sun 's away ?

Where shall we go when the swallows fly ?  
What shall we do when the roses die ?  
You are mine to-day, or you smile, or you sigh ;  
But how will it be in the by-and-by ?

You are mine to-day in your grace full-grown,  
To clasp, and to kiss, and to call my own ;  
But how will it be when the rain comes down,  
When the birds are mute, and the woods turn  
brown ?

You are mine to-day with your secret told,  
The flower whose leaves I have watched unfold,  
But how will it be when the wind is cold ?  
What shall we do when we both grow old ?

You are mine to-day, while our hearts beat high,  
Though the sun be setting, I care not, I !  
There are other lands where the swallows fly ;  
There is still next year, when the roses die.

MAY PROBYN.

## MY SWEETHEART.

**M**Y sweetheart lays her hand in mine  
When she would have me glad ;  
She sings and sings, — she never knows  
What music makes me sad.

My sweetheart holds my heart to hers  
When she would have me rest ;  
She never hears the heavy sigh  
Which breaks within my breast.

Her sweet lips press my tired lids  
When she would have me sleep :  
Alas ! they have no power to stay  
The burning tears I weep.

DOLLIE RADFORD.



## A CHOICE OF LIKENESSES.

“**N**AY,” said the husband ; “give him this,”  
In manifest alarm.

“This is her very likeness ; that  
Has but a sudden charm.

“The look that flashes into light,  
And quickly dies away,  
May blind some passer ; as for me,  
I love the looks that stay.”

And I but said, (what could I say,  
Not dreaming any harm?)

“They ’re yours, old friend, her looks that stay.  
Spare then to me she surely may  
This glance of sudden charm.”

ERNEST RADFORD.

## IN A GARDEN.

THE cowslip glowed, the tulip burned,  
The grass was green as green could be ;  
There, as in sweet content we turned,  
Beneath the budding linden-tree,  
We saw the westering sunbeams shake  
Large glory o'er the mountain lake.

The cushat cooed, the blackbird's cry  
About the terrace garden rang ;  
Still as we wooed, my love and I,  
The throstle still enraptured sang,  
And still the waters danced with glee,  
Beneath the budding linden-tree.

The tulips trembled still with flame,  
The cowslips gleamed along the walk,  
Yet, dear one, when the last word came,  
And silence only seemed to talk,  
We looked and found the lake was gone,  
Flowers dim, birds hushed, and one star shone.

Beloved ! by many an up and down,  
O'er level lawns, unlevel ways,  
Through weeds and flowers, when birds had flown  
And when birds sang, have passed the days  
Since our new dawn forbade the night ;  
But lo ! o'erhead Love's star is bright.

HARDWICK DRUMMOND RAWNSLEY.

A SONG FOR CANDLEMAS.

THERE 's never a rose upon the bush,  
And never a bud on any tree ;  
In wood and field nor hint nor sign  
Of one green thing for you or me.  
Come in, come in, sweet love of mine,  
And let the bitter weather be.

Coated with ice the garden wall,  
The river reeds are stark and still ;  
The wind goes plunging to the sea,  
And last week's flakes the hollows fill.  
Come in, come in, sweet love, to me,  
And let the year blow as it will.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.

## A DREAM OF DIANA.

**I**N dream I saw Diana pass, Diana as of old,  
Across the green wood radiantly, attired in  
green and gold ;

With spear alert, with eyes afire, as they had  
seen the sun,

And gave its glances back again, with brightness  
of their own.

No human maid is she, I thought, who there so  
lightly fares

Upon her sylvan empery, afar from our pale cares.

She passed, and left me to that thought, who  
felt the sadder then

That only once, and not again, she might be  
seen of men ;

Though constantly, by lawn and wood, and  
hanging mountain-side,

My restless eye might dare to hunt the huntress  
in her pride.

Without her all was lonely grown ; I had no  
liking left  
For fern or foxglove bloom, of her bright grace  
bereft.

And in that taking, in a bed of softest fern I lay,  
And found no joy of woodcraft left, the live-  
long summer day ;  
When lo ! at eve, a silvery horn, a questing  
hound, a cry,  
And swift, Diana came again, and sat her down  
thereby ;  
And then I saw those radiant eyes were full of  
perfect rest,  
And found beneath the goddess there the  
woman's softer breast.

ERNEST RHYS.

### THREE DAYS.

THE sweet fleet hours refuse to stay —  
I saw my true love yesterday.

The slow sad minutes crawl away —  
I cannot see my love to-day.

But soon new joy will banish sorrow —  
For I shall see my love to-morrow.

CHARLES F. RICHARDSON.



## THE RIPEST PEACH.

**T**HE ripest peach is highest on the tree ;  
And so her love, beyond the reach of me,  
Is dearest in my sight. Sweet breezes, bow  
Her heart down to me where I worship now !

She looms aloft where every eye may see  
The ripest peach is highest on the tree.  
Such fruitage as her love I know, alas !  
I may not reach here from the orchard grass.

I drink the sunshine showered past her lips,  
As roses drain the dewdrop as it drips.  
The ripest peach is highest on the tree,  
And so mine eyes gaze upward eagerly.

Why — why do I not turn away in wrath,  
And pluck some heart here hanging in my path ?  
Love's lower boughs bend with them — but, ah  
me !

The ripest peach is highest on the tree.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

## WHEN SHE COMES HOME.

WHEN she comes home again ! A thousand  
ways

I fashion, to myself, the tenderness  
Of my glad welcome. I shall tremble — yes ;  
And touch her, as when first in the old days  
I touched her girlish hand, nor dared upraise  
Mine eyes, such was my faint heart's sweet  
distress.

Then silence, and the perfume of her dress :  
The room will sway a little, and a haze  
Cloy eyesight—soul-sight, even — for a space :  
And tears—yes ; and the ache here in the throat,  
To know that I so ill deserve the place  
Her arms make for me ; and the sobbing note  
I stay with kisses, ere the tearful face  
Again is hidden in the old embrace.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

## POPLAR LEAVES.

THE wind blows down the dusty street ;  
And through my soul that grieves  
It brings a sudden odour sweet,  
A smell of poplar leaves.

O leaves that herald in the spring,  
O freshness young and pure,  
Into my weary soul you bring  
The vigour to endure.

The wood is near but out of sight,  
Where all the poplars grow ;  
Straight up and tall and silver white,  
They quiver in a row.

My love is out of sight, but near ;  
And through my soul that grieves  
A sudden memory wafts her here  
As fresh as poplar leaves.

A. MARY F. ROBINSON.

STORNELLI AND STRAMBOTTI.

I.

FLOWER of the vine !

I scarcely knew or saw how love began,  
So mean a flower brings forth the sweetest wine !

. . . . .

O mandolins that thrill the moonlit street,  
O lemon flowers so faint and freshly blown,  
O seas that lap a solemn music sweet  
Through all the pallid night against the stone,  
O lovers tramping past with happy feet,  
O heart that hast a memory of thine own —  
For mercy's sake no more, no more repeat  
The word it is so hard to hear alone !

. . . . .

Flowers in the hay !

My heart and all the fields are full of flowers ;  
So tall they grow before the mowing day.

II.

Rose in the rain !

We part ; I dare not look upon your tears :  
So frail, so white, they shatter and they stain.

. . . . .

Love is a bird that breaks its voice with singing,

Love is a rose blown open till it fall,

Love is a bee that dies of its own stinging,

And Love the tinsel cross upon a pall.

Love is the Siren, towards a quicksand bringing

Enchanted fishermen that hear her call.

Love is a broken heart, — Farewell, — the  
wringing

Of dying hands. Ah, do not love at all !

A. MARY F. ROBINSON.

## AFTER DEATH.

THE curtains were half drawn, the floor was  
swept

And strewn with rushes, rosemary and may  
Lay thick upon the bed on which I lay,  
Where through the lattice ivy-shadows crept.  
He leaned above me, thinking that I slept  
And could not hear him ; but I heard him say,  
“ Poor child, poor child ! ” and as he turned  
away

Came a deep silence, and I knew he wept.  
He did not touch the shroud, or raise the fold  
That hid my face, or take my hand in his,  
Or ruffle the smooth pillows for my head :  
He did not love me living ; but once dead  
He pitied me ; and very sweet it is  
To know he still is warm, though I am cold.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.



## AUTUMN VIOLETS.

**K**EEP love for youth and violets for the  
spring :

Or if these bloom when worn-out autumn  
grieves,

Let them lie hid in double shade of leaves,  
Their own, and others dropped down withering ;  
For violets suit when home birds build and sing,  
Not when the outbound bird a passage cleaves,  
Not with dry stubble of mown harvest sheaves,  
But when the green world buds to blossoming.

Keep violets for the spring, and love for youth,  
Love that should dwell with beauty, mirth, and  
hope ;

Or if a later sadder love be born,  
Let this not look for grace beyond its scope,  
But give itself, nor plead for answering truth —  
A grateful Ruth tho' gleaning scanty corn.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.



## SOMEWHERE OR OTHER.

SOMEWHERE or other there must surely be  
The face not seen, the voice not heard,  
The heart that not yet — never yet — ah me !  
Made answer to my word.

Somewhere or other, may be near or far ;  
Past land and sea, clean out of sight ;  
Beyond the wandering moon, beyond the star  
That tracks her night by night.

Somewhere or other, may be far or near ;  
With just a wall, a hedge between ;  
With just the last leaves of the dying year  
Fallen on a turf grown green.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

## A NEW YEAR'S BURDEN.

**A** LONG the grass sweet airs are blown  
Our way this day in spring.  
Of all the songs that we have known  
Now which one shall we sing?  
Not that, my love, ah no! —  
Not this, my love? why, so! —  
Yet both were ours, but hours will come and go.

The grove is all a pale frail mist,  
The new year sucks the sun.  
Of all the kisses that we kissed,  
Now which shall be the one?  
Not that, my love, ah no! —  
Not this, my love? — heigh-ho  
For all the sweets that all the winds can blow!

The branches cross above our eyes,  
The skies are in a net :  
And what 's the thing beneath the skies  
We two would most forget?  
Not birth, my love, no, no, —  
Not death, my love, no, no, —  
The love once ours, but ours long hours ago.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

FIRST LOVE REMEMBERED.

PEACE in her chamber, wheresoe'er  
It be, a holy place :  
The thought still brings my soul such grace  
As morning meadows wear.

Whether it still be small and light,  
A maid's who dreams alone,  
As from her orchard-gate the moon  
Its ceiling showed at night :

Or whether, in a shadow dense  
As nuptial hymns invoke,  
Innocent maidenhood awoke  
To married innocence :

Then still the thanks unheard await  
The unconscious gift bequeathed ;  
For there my soul this hour has breathed  
An air inviolate.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

## LOVE ENTHRONED.

I MARKED all kindred Powers the heart finds  
fair : —

Truth, with awed lips ; and Hope, with eyes  
upcast ;

And Fame, whose loud wings fan the ashen  
Past

To signal-fires, Oblivion's flight to scare ;

And Youth, with still some single golden hair

Unto his shoulder clinging, since the last

Embrace wherein two sweet arms held him  
fast ;

And Life, still wreathing flowers for Death to  
wear.

Love's throne was not with these ; but far above

All passionate wind of welcome and farewell

He sat in breathless bowers they dream not of ;

Though Truth foreknow Love's heart, and

Hope foretell,

And Fame be for Love's sake desirable,

And Youth be dear, and Life be sweet to Love.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

## SUDDEN LIGHT.

I HAVE been here before,  
But when or how I cannot tell :  
I know the grass beyond the door,  
The sweet keen smell,  
The sighing sound, the lights around the shore.

You have been mine before, —  
How long ago I may not know :  
But just when at that swallow's soar  
Your neck turned so,  
Some veil did fall, — I knew it all of yore.

Has this been thus before?  
And shall not thus time's eddying flight  
Still with our lives our loves restore  
In death's despite,  
And day and night yield one delight once more?

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

GRACE.

SWEETHEART, we in the world to-day  
Know what God and the angels say.

This I send to the Thrice-Divine,  
Holding both your hands in mine,  
And looking in those pools of blue :  
How good of God to give me you !

CHARLES SAYLE.



## A PERFECT DAY.

**B**LAND air and leagues of immemorial blue ;  
No subtlest hint of whitening rime or cold ;  
A revel of rich colours, hue on hue,  
From radiant crimson to soft shades of gold.

A vagueness in the undulant hill line,  
The flutter of a bird's south-soaring wing ;  
Æolian harmonies in groves of pine,  
And glad brook laughter like the mirth of  
spring.

A sense of gracious calm afar and near,  
And yet a something wanting, — one fine ray  
For consummation. Love, were you but here,  
Then were the day indeed a perfect day.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

## HER EYES.

**H**ER eyes are like unfathomable lakes,  
When brightly o'er them morning radi-  
ance breaks ;  
And yet the mariner had best beware,  
For many valiant hearts lie shipwrecked there !

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

IN APRIL-TIDE.

**B**E ye in love with April-tide?  
I' faith, in love am I!

For now 't is sun, and now 't is shower,  
And now 't is frost, and now 't is flower,  
And now 't is Laura laughing-eyed,  
And now 't is Laura shy.

Ye doubtful days, oh, slower glide!  
Still frown and smile, O sky!  
Some beauty unforeseen I trace  
In every change of Laura's face.  
Be ye in love with April-tide;  
I' faith, in love am I!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

## RUS IN URBE.

POETS are singing, the whole world over,  
Of May in melody, joys for June ;  
Dusting their feet in the careless clover,  
And filling their hearts with the blackbird's  
tune.

The "brown bright nightingale " strikes with  
pity

The sensitive heart of a count or clown ;  
But where is the song for our leafy city,  
And where the rhymes for our lovely town ?

" Oh for the Thames and its rippling reaches,  
Where almond rushes and breezes sport !  
Take me a walk under Burnham Beeches ;  
Give me a dinner at Hampton Court ! "

Poets, be still, though your hearts I harden ;  
We've flowers by day, and have scents at  
dark ;

The limes are in leaf in the cockney garden,  
And lilacs blossom in Regent's Park.

“Come for a blow,” says a reckless fellow,  
Burn’d red and brown by passionate sun ;  
“Come to the downs, where the gorse is yellow  
The season of kisses has just begun !  
Come to the fields where bluebells shiver,  
Hear cuckoo’s carol, or plaint of dove :  
Come for a row on the silent river ;  
Come to the meadows and learn to love !”

Yes, I will come when this wealth is over  
Of softened colour and perfect tone :  
The lilac’s better than fields of clover ;  
I’ll come when blossoming May has flown.  
When dust and dirt of a trampled city  
Have dragged the yellow laburnum down,  
I’ll take my holiday, — more’s the pity, —  
And turn my back upon London town.

Margaret ! am I so wrong to love it,  
This misty town that your face shines through ?  
A crown of blossom is waved above it ;  
But heart and life of the whirl — *’t is you !*  
Margaret ! pearl ! I have sought and found you ;  
And though the paths of the wind are free,  
I’ll follow the ways of the world around you,  
And build my nest on the nearest tree.

CLEMENT SCOTT.

## SONG.

**L**OVE in my heart ! oh, heart of me, heart  
of me !

Love is my tyrant, Love is supreme.

What if he passeth, oh, heart of me, heart of me !

Love is a phantom, and Life is a dream !

What if he changeth, oh, heart of me, heart of  
me !

Oh, can the waters be void of the wind ?

What if he wendeth afar and apart from me,

What if he leave me to perish behind ?

What if he passeth, oh, heart of me, heart of me !

A flame i' the dusk, a breath of Desire ?

Nay, my sweet Love is the heart and the soul  
of me,

And I am the innermost heart of his fire !

Love in my heart ! oh, heart of me, heart of me !

Love is my tyrant, Love is supreme.

What if he passeth, oh, heart of me, heart of me !

Love is a phantom, and Life is a dream !

WILLIAM SHARP.



## THE COMING OF LOVE.

**I**N and out the osier beds, all along the shallows,  
Lifts and laughs the soft south wind, or  
swoons among the grasses.

But, ah ! whose following feet are these that  
bend the tall marsh-mallows ?

Who laughs so low and sweet ? Who sighs —  
and passes ?

Flower of my heart, my darling, why so slowly  
Lift'st thou thine eyes to mine, sweet wells  
of gladness ?

Too deep this new-found joy, and this new pain  
too holy ;

Or is there dread in thine heart of this  
divinest madness ?

Who sighs with longing there ? who laughs alow  
— and passes ?

Whose following feet are these that bend the  
tall marsh-mallows ?



Who comes upon the wind that stirs the heavy  
    seeding grasses  
In and out the osier beds, and hither through  
    the shallows?

Flower of my heart, my Dream, who whispers  
    near so gladly?  
Whose is the golden sunshine-net o'erspread  
    for capture?  
Lift, lift thine eyes to mine, who love so wildly,  
    madly —  
Those eyes of brave desire, deep wells o'er-  
    brimmed with rapture.

WILLIAM SHARP.

UPON CHLOE: HER EYES.

TWO sloes do not an autumn make, 't is said :  
This I can well believe, knowing the while  
How two dark sloes immutably are wed  
To the unending summer of her smile.

WILLIAM SHARP.

UPON JULIA BLUSHING.

THIS rose-flushed Opal from the Orient  
came,

This Ruby from a lonely Asian peak ;  
But one is dull beside this living flame,  
And wan the other by this peach-bloom cheek.

WILLIAM SHARP.

TO A ROSE.

**G**O, Rose, and in her golden hair  
You shall forget the garden soon ;  
The sunshine is a captive there,  
And crowns her with a constant noon.

And when your spicy odour goes,  
And fades the beauty of your bloom,  
Think what a lovely hand, O Rose,  
Shall place your body in the tomb.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

## RECALL.

“**L**OVE me, or I am slain !” I cried, and  
meant

Bitterly true each word. Nights, morns, slipped  
by,

Moons, circling suns, yet still alive am I ;  
But shame to me, if my best time be spent

On this perverse, blind passion ! Are we sent  
Upon a planet just to mate and die,  
A man no more than some pale butterfly  
That yields his day to nature’s sole intent ?

Or is my life but Marguerite’s ox-eyed flower,  
That I should stand and pluck and fling away,  
One after one, the petal of each hour,  
Like a love-dreamy girl, and only say,  
“ Loves me,” and “ loves me not,” and “ loves  
me ” ? Nay !

Let the man’s mind awake to manhood’s power.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

## THE THRUSH.

THE thrush sings high on the topmost  
bough, —

Low, louder, low again ; and now  
He has changed his tree, — you know not how,  
For you saw no flitting wing.

All the notes of the forest throng,  
Flute, reed, and string, are in his song ;  
Never a fear knows he, nor wrong,  
Nor a doubt of anything.

Small room for care in that soft breast ;  
All weather that comes is to him the best,  
While he sees his mate close on her nest,  
And the woods are full of spring.

He has lost his last year's love, I know, —  
He, too, — but 't is little he keeps of woe ;  
For a bird forgets in a year, and so  
No wonder the thrush can sing.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

## FANTASIA.

WE 're all alone, we 're all alone !  
The moon and stars are dead and gone ;  
The night 's at deep, the wind asleep,  
And thou and I are all alone !

What care have we though life there be ?  
Tumult and life are not for me !  
Silence and sleep about us creep ;  
Tumult and life are not for thee !

How late it is since such as this  
Had topped the height of breathing bliss !  
And now we keep an iron sleep, —  
In that grave thou, and I in this !

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.



ONLY A LEAF.

WHEN the late leaves lit all the place,  
He left her with her ashen face ;  
“ We shall not meet ! ” he lightly cried ;  
“ Good-bye, sweetheart, the world is wide.”

Though bright the sunshine on that day,  
Though the bare boughs around her lay,  
She thought in blackened shadow stood  
The melancholy autumn wood.

She bent, and lifted from the sod  
A leaf whereon his foot had trod, —  
An idle leaf, but dead and sere,  
It held the heart's blood of a year !

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

## SONG FROM A DRAMA.

I KNOW not if moonlight or starlight  
Be soft on the land or the sea, —  
I catch but the near light, the far light,  
Of eyes that are burning for me ;  
The scent of the night, of the roses,  
May burden the air for thee, sweet, —  
'T is only the breath of thy sighing  
I know, as I lie at thy feet.

The winds may be sobbing or singing,  
Their touch may be fervent or cold,  
The night-bells may toll or be ringing, —  
I care not, while thee I enfold !  
The feast may go on, and the music  
Be scattered in ecstasy round, —  
Thy whisper, “ I love thee ! I love thee ! ”  
Hath flooded my soul with its sound.

I think not of time that is flying,  
How short is the hour I have won,  
How near is this living to dying,  
How the shadow still follows the sun ;  
There is naught upon earth, no desire,  
Worth a thought, though 't were had by a sign !  
I love thee ! I love thee ! bring nigher  
Thy spirit, thy kisses to mine.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

## TOUJOURS AMOUR.

**P**RITHEE tell me, Dimple-Chin,  
At what age does Love begin?  
Your blue eyes have scarcely seen  
Summers three, my fairy queen,  
But a miracle of sweets,  
Soft approaches, sly retreats,  
Show the little archer there,  
Hidden in your pretty hair ;  
When didst learn a heart to win?  
Prithee tell me, Dimple-Chin !

“ Oh ! ” the rosy lips reply,  
“ I can't tell you if I try.  
'T is so long I can't remember :  
Ask some younger lass than I ! ”

Tell, oh, tell me, Grizzled-Face,  
Do your heart and head keep pace?  
When does hoary Love expire,  
When do frosts put out the fire?  
Can its embers burn below  
All that chill December snow?

Care you still soft hands to press,  
Bonny heads to smooth and bless?  
When does Love give up the chase?  
Tell, oh, tell me, Grizzled-Face !

“ Ah ! ” the wise old lips reply,  
“ Youth may pass and strength may die,  
But of Love I can't foretoken :  
Ask some older sage than I ! ”

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

## IN THE SEASON.

**I**T is the season now to go  
About the country high and low,  
Among the lilacs hand in hand,  
And two by two in fairy land.

The brooding boy, the sighing maid,  
Wholly fain and half afraid,  
Now meet along the hazelled brook  
To pass and linger, pause and look.

A year ago, and blithely paired,  
Their rough and tumble play they shared ;  
They kissed and quarrelled, laughed and cried,  
A year ago at Eastertide.

With bursting heart, with fiery face,  
She strove against him in the race ;  
He unabashed her garter saw,  
That now would touch her skirts with awe.

Now by the stile ablaze she stops,  
And his demurer eyes he drops ;  
Now they exchange averted sighs  
Or stand and marry silent eyes.

And he to her a lover is,  
And sweeter she than primroses ;  
Their common silence dearer far  
Than nightingale and mavis are.

Now when they sever wedded hands,  
Joy trembles in their bosom strands,  
And lovely laughter leaps and falls  
Upon their lips in madrigals:

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



## A NEST OF LOVE.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF HAKIM SANAYI.

WHAT sweetness is there in the honey-  
comb

That is not tasted, sweetest, in thy kiss?

What beauty is there in the pheasant's walk  
That is not seen, beloved, in thy step?

What heart in all the city is not thine?  
The heart that is not thine no longer beats.

The bird that flies not to thy nest of love  
Deserves to fly no more : why has he wings?

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

## A MOMENT.

**H**OW long would you love me? A lifetime?  
Ah, that is too long, let us say  
A moment. Life's best 's but a moment, and  
life itself scarcely a day.

Perhaps you might love me that moment ; per-  
haps, while you quaffed  
From life's brimming cup, with your sweet face  
turned up, love's exquisite draught ;

All the spirit insatiate thirsting its sweetness to  
drain,  
And a hurry of rapture swift rushing through  
heart and through brain ;

All being condensed to a drop, all the soul, all  
the sense,  
Interfused as by fire, intermingled and throb-  
bing with passion intense ;

Just one moment of Life's culmination, its waves'  
utmost height,

While it lifts its green cavern of opal all sun-  
fringed, in quivering light ; —

Its foam-rose that topples and spreads at the  
crest of the Fountain's full stress,

That the impulse that lifts cannot hold, that dies  
of its very excess ;

Just one rapturous moment, while love you  
inhaled like the soul of a flower,

For a breath space, an indrawing breath space,  
that words have no power

At their best to express, so divine, so enchanting,  
its soul-piercing scent,

Thrilling through all the nerves, but at last in a  
sigh to be breathed out and spent ;

Just one moment, no longer ; and then, all the  
strength and desire

Faded out, all the passion exhausted, nought  
left of the fire

But the sullen, gray, desolate ashes, — oh, then,  
would you cling to me? Say,

Would you love me, or hate me, or scorn me,  
and ruthlessly fling me away?

Who knows? Love and hate are so near, joy  
and pain, ice and fire, hope and fear,  
That I doubt, the next moment, *this* moment  
so tender, so perfect, so dear.

This maddening moment I know, let the next  
what it chooses reveal ;  
'T is enough that you love me this moment, let  
Fate, as she will, spin her wheel,

Weave her web, cast her net, unto grief or de-  
spair make us prey ;  
This is mine, this is ours, and, once given, can  
never be taken away.

What though, from our dream when we wake,  
our love a mere folly may seem ?  
What is life at best but a sleep, what is love  
but a dream ?

W. W. STORY.

## THE VIOLET.

O H ! faint delicious spring-time violet,  
Thine odour, like a key,  
Turns noiselessly in memory's wards to let  
A thought of sorrow free.

The breath of distant fields upon my brow  
Blows through that open door  
The sound of wind-borne bells more sweet and  
low  
And sadder than of yore.

It comes afar from that beloved place,  
And that beloved hour,  
When Life hung ripening in Love's golden grace,  
Like grapes above a bower.

A spring goes singing through its reedy grass,  
The lark sings o'er my head  
Drowned in the sky — oh, pass, ye visions, pass !  
I would that I were dead.

Why hast thou opened that forbidden door  
From which I ever flee?  
O vanished Joy! O Love that art no more,  
Let my vexed spirit be!

O violet! thy odour through my brain  
Hath searched, and stung to grief  
This sunny day, as if a curse did stain  
Thy velvet leaf.

W. W. STORY.

TO MY LADY.

FROM out the past she comes to me,  
My Lady whom I loved long syne :  
Her face is very fair to see,  
Her gray eyes still with love-light shine,  
I needs must think she still is mine.

Once — in those old years long ago —  
I waited at the hour of dawn.  
And, with the first faint Eastern glow —  
Before the sun his sword had drawn  
And flushed its light the world upon,  
My Lady's true love did I know !

But now at eve she comes — I stand  
Alone. Among the autumn trees  
Her white robe glimmers, and the breeze  
Wafts me a ghostly fragrance rare.  
Ah me ! No rose doth she now bear —  
But crimson poppies in her hand.

EDWARD FAIRBROTHER STRANGE.



## AT PARTING.

**F**OR a day and night, Love sang to us, played  
with us,

Folded us round from the dark and the light ;  
And our hearts were fulfilled of the music he  
made with us,

Made with our hearts and our lips while he  
stayed with us,

Stayed in mid passage his pinions from flight  
For a day and a night.

From his foes that kept watch with his wings  
had he hidden us,

Covered us close from the eyes that would  
smite,

From the feet that had tracked and the tongues  
that had chidden us,

Sheltering in shade of the myrtles forbidden us,

Spirit and flesh growing one with delight  
For a day and a night.

But his wings will not rest, and his feet will not  
stay for us :

Morning is here in the joy of its might ;  
With his breath has he sweetened a night and a  
day for us :

Now let him pass, and the myrtles make way  
for us ;

Love can but last in us here at his height  
For a day and a night.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

## AUGUST.

**T**HERE were four apples on the bough,  
Half gold, half red, that one might know  
The blood was ripe inside the core ;  
The colour of the leaves was more  
Like stems of yellow corn that grow  
Through all the gold June meadow's floor.

The warm smell of the fruit was good  
To feed on, and the split green wood,  
With all its bearded lips and stains  
Of mosses in the clover veins,  
Most pleasant, if one lay or stood  
In sunshine or in happy rains.

There were four apples on the tree,  
Red-stained through gold, that all might see  
The sun went warm from core to rind ;  
The green leaves made the summer blind  
In that soft place they kept for me  
With golden apples shut behind.

The leaves caught gold across the sun,  
And where the bluest air begun,  
Thirsted for song to help the heat ;  
As I to feel my lady's feet  
Draw close before the day were done :  
Both lips grew dry with dreams of it.

In the mute August afternoon  
They trembled to some undertune  
Of music in the silver air :  
Great pleasure was it to be there  
Till green turned duskier, and the moon  
Coloured the corn-sheaves like gold hair.

That August time it was delight  
To watch the red moon's wane to white  
'Twixt gray-seamed stems of apple-trees :  
A sense of heavy harmonies  
Grew on the growth of patient night,  
More sweet than shapen music is.

But some three hours before the moon  
The air, still eager from the noon,  
Flagged after heat, not wholly dead ;  
Against the stem I leant my head ;  
The colour soothed me like a tune,  
Green leaves all round the gold and red.

I lay there till the warm smell grew  
More sharp, when flecks of yellow dew  
Between the round ripe leaves had blurred  
The rind with stain and wet ; I heard  
A wind that blew and breathed and blew,  
Too weak to alter its one word.

The wet leaves next the gentle fruit  
Felt smoother, and the brown tree root  
Felt the mould warmer : I, too, felt  
(As water feels the slow gold melt  
Right through it when the day burns mute)  
The peace of time wherein love dwelt.

There were four apples on the tree,  
Gold stained on red that all might see  
The sweet blood filled them to the core :  
The colour of her hair is more  
Like stems of fair faint gold, that be  
Mown from the harvest's middle floor.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

## BETWEEN THE SUNSET AND THE SEA.

**B**ETWEEN the sunset and the sea  
My love laid hands and lips on me.  
Of sweet came sour, of day came night,  
Of long desire came brief delight :  
Ah, love, and what thing came of thee  
Between the sea-downs and the sea?

Between the sea-mark and the sea  
Joy grew to grief, grief grew to me ;  
Love turned to tears, and tears to fire,  
And dead delight to new desire ;  
Love's talk, love's touch there seemed to be  
Between the sea-sand and the sea.

Between the sundown and the sea  
Love watched one hour of love with me ;  
Then down the all-golden water-ways  
His feet flew after yesterdays ;  
I saw them come and saw them flee  
Between the sea-foam and the sea.



Between the sea-strand and the sea  
Love fell on sleep, sleep fell on me ;  
The first star saw twain turn to one  
Between the moonrise and the sun ;  
The next, that saw not love, saw me  
Between the sea-banks and the sea.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.



## THE OBLATION.

**A**SK nothing more of me, sweet :  
All I can give you I give.

Heart of my heart, were it more,  
More would be laid at your feet ;  
Love that should help you to live,  
Song that should spur you to soar.

All things were nothing to give,  
Once to have sense of you more,  
Touch you and taste of you, sweet,  
Think you and breathe you, and live,  
Swept of your wings as they soar,  
Trodden by chance of your feet.

I that have love and no more  
Give you but love of you, sweet ;  
He that hath more let him give ;  
He that hath wings, let him soar ;  
Mine is the heart at your feet  
Here, that must love you to live.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

IN AUTUMN.

**F**RAIL autumn lights upon the leaves  
Beacon the ending of the year.

The windy rains are here,  
Wet nights and blowing winds about the eaves.

Here in the valley mists begin  
To breathe about the river side  
The breath of autumn-tide.  
The dark fields wait to take the harvest in.

And you, and you are far away.  
Ah, this it is, and not the rain  
Now loud against the pane,  
That takes the light and colour from the day !

ARTHUR SYMONS.

## ON JUDGE'S WALK.

**T**HAT night on Judge's Walk the wind  
Was as the voice of doom ;  
The heath, a lake of darkness, lay  
As silent as the tomb.

The vast night brooded, white with stars,  
Above the world's unrest ;  
The awfulness of silence ached  
Like a strong heart repressed.

That night we walked beneath the trees,  
Alone, beneath the trees ;  
There was some word we could not say  
Half uttered in the breeze.

That night on Judge's Walk we said  
No word of all we had to say ;  
And now no word shall e'er be said  
Before the Judgment Day.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

ICH HÖR' ES SOGAR IM TRAUM.

SING on, sing on : half dreaming still  
I hear you singing down the hill,  
Through the green wood, beside the rill.

Each to the other sing, sweet birds ;  
Make music sweeter far than words ;  
Drown my still soul with song, sweet birds.

Under each starbeam there was sleep ;  
Far down the river wandered deep ;  
The woods closed round it still and steep.

One watch-dog from the lone farm bayed ;  
The waterfowl beneath the shade  
Of sedge and flowering reed were laid.

The birds sang on, and slumber shed  
Like silver clouds upon my head ;  
I slept, nor stirred me in my bed.

Into my room he seemed to glide ;  
The moonbeams through the window wide  
Snowed in upon my white bedside.

He kissed my lips, he kissed my cheek ;  
I could not kiss him back nor speak :  
I feared the blissful sleep to break.

Sing louder, nightingales of May !  
Sing, dash my golden dream away !  
Sing anthems to the orient day !

The moonlight pales ; the gray cock crows ;  
A murmur in the tree top goes ;  
Sleep sheds her petals like a rose.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

IN THE SMALL CANALS.

**L**OVE felt from far, long sought, scarce found,  
On thee I call ;  
Here where with silvery silent sound  
The smooth oars fall ;

Here where the glimmering water-ways  
Above yon stair,  
Mirror one trembling lamp that plays  
In twilight air !

What sights, what sounds, O poignant Love,  
Ere thou wert flown,  
Quivered these darksome waves above,  
In darkness known !

I dare not dream thereof ; the sting  
Of those dead eyes  
Is too acute and close a thing  
For one who dies.

Only I feel through glare and gloom,  
Where yon lamp falls,  
Dim spectres hurrying to their doom,  
And Love's voice calls :

'T was better thus toward death to glide,  
Soul-full of bliss,  
Than with long life unsatisfied  
Life's crown to miss.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.



## I SAW A VISION OF DEEP EYES.

### I.

**I** SAW a vision of deep eyes  
In morning sleep when dreams are true :  
Wide humid eyes of hazy blue,  
Like seas that kiss the horizon skies.

Then as I gazed, I felt the rain  
Of soft warm curls around my cheek,  
And heard a whisper low and meek :  
“I love, and canst thou love again?”

A gentle youth beside me bent ;  
His cool moist lips to mine were pressed,  
That throbbed and burned with love's unrest :  
When, lo, the powers of sleep were spent ;

And noiseless on the airy wings  
That follow after night's dim way,  
The beauteous boy was gone for aye,  
A theme of vague imaginings.

Yet I can never rest again :  
The flocks of morning dreams are true ;  
And till I find those eyes of blue  
And golden curls, I walk in pain.

## II.

Spring comes again : the blushing earth  
Will deck herself with bridal flowers :  
The birds among the leafy bowers  
Will wake dumb winter's woods with mirth.

But I shall never find him, never :  
Though winter's snow dissolve in dew,  
And hyacinth's star-spangled blue  
'Neath vernal breezes bend and shiver.

The field shall throb with marriage hymn,  
And summer's wealth shall deck the grove,  
Wherethrough my feet must lonely rove,  
Disconsolately seeking him.

Seek on, seek on, till autumn dies  
Like sunset in drear winter's night ;  
Seek on, seek on, for thy delight,  
A mirage dream, before thee flies.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

## OH, WHEN WILL IT BE?

**O**H, when will it be, oh, when will it be, oh,  
when  
That she shall be here, and the flute be here,  
and the wine be here? oh, then  
Her lips shall kiss the lips of the flute, and my  
lips shall kiss the wine,  
And I shall drink music from her sweet lips, and  
she shall drink madness from mine.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

## TO MIDIA.

**I**N that dear country which men call  
With sober phrase "your pretty face,"  
There is no spring, there is no fall,  
And biting winter finds no place ;  
One light, one warmth, one tender air,  
One endless summer harbours there.

In that dear country side by side  
There be two placid lakes that sleep ;  
'T were worth a kingdom to divide  
Each gray, unfathomable deep,  
And, daring all things, to possess  
The secrets of your soul's recess.

In other lands, 't is passing sweet  
To watch the whispering western wind  
Go ruffling all the whitened wheat,  
Nor leave the tiniest track behind ;  
To see the wanton wavelets rear  
Their crests along the grassy mere.

So does the zephyr of your smile  
Lead on its fairy-footed dance  
From end to end of that dear isle,  
And dimples all the fair expanse ;  
And stops its course, and floats and flies  
In ripples o'er your laughing eyes.

FRANK TAYLOR.

BALLADE OF THE LADYES OF LONG  
SYNE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF FRANÇOIS VILLON.

**T**ELL me wher, in what contree, is  
Flora, the beautifulle Romaine?  
Thais and Archipiadis,  
Wher are they now, those cosins twaine?  
And Echo, gretynge her love agein  
By banke of river and marge of mere,  
Whos beaute was fre fro mortall stayne?  
Nay, wher are the snowes that fell last year?

Wher is the lerned Helowis,  
For whom undon in celle did plaine  
Pierre Abelard at Saint Denys?  
For love's reward he had this peine  
Where is the quene who did ordeine  
That Buridan shulde drift in fere  
Sowed in a sacke adoun the Saine?  
Nay, wher are the snowes that fell last year?

Quene Blanche, fayre as the floure-de-lys,  
Who sang as swete as the meremaide strayne,  
Alys too, Bertha, Bietris,  
And Hermengarde, who halt the Mayne,  
And Joan, the good may of Lorraine,  
At Rouen brent by Englyshe fere, —  
Wher are they, Virgine souveraine?  
Nay, wher are the snowes that fell last year?

ENVOY.

Prince, for this sevennyght be not fain,  
Nor this twelfmonthe to question wher  
They be, withouten this refraine,  
Nay, wher are the snowes that fell last year?

STEPHEN TEMPLE.



## FATIMA.

O LOVE, Love, Love ! O withering might !  
O sun, that from thy noonday height  
Shudderest when I strain my sight,  
Throbbing thro' all thy heat and light,  
Lo, falling from my constant mind,  
Lo, parch'd and wither'd, deaf and blind,  
I whirl like leaves in roaring wind.

Last night I wasted hateful hours  
Below the city's eastern towers :  
I thirsted for the brooks, the showers :  
I roll'd among the tender flowers :  
I crush'd them on my breast, my mouth :  
I looked athwart the burning drought  
Of that long desert to the south.

Last night, when some one spoke his name,  
From my swift blood that went and came  
A thousand little shafts of flame  
Were shiver'd in my narrow frame.  
O Love, O fire ! once he drew  
With one long kiss my whole soul thro'  
My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.

Before he mounts the hill, I know  
He cometh quickly : from below  
Sweet gales, as from deep gardens, blow  
Before him, striking on my brow.

In my dry brain my spirit soon,  
Down-deepening from swoon to swoon,  
Faints like a dazzled morning moon.

The wind sounds like a silver wire,  
And from beyond the noon a fire  
Is pour'd upon the hills, and nigher  
The skies stoop down in their desire ;  
And, isled in sudden seas of light,  
My heart, pierc'd thro' with fierce delight,  
Bursts into blossom in his sight.

My whole soul waiting silently,  
All naked in a sultry sky,  
Droops blinded with his shining eye :  
I *will* possess him or will die.

I will grow round him in his place,  
Grow, live, die looking on his face,  
Die, dying clasp'd in his embrace.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

NOW SLEEPS THE CRIMSON PETAL.

NOW sleeps the crimson petal, now the  
white ;

Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk ;  
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font :  
The firefly wakens : waken thou with me.

Now droops the milkwhite peacock like a  
ghost,  
And like a ghost she glimmers on to me.

Now lies the Earth all Danaë to the stars,  
And all thy heart lies open unto me.

Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves  
A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,  
And slips into the bosom of the lake ;  
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip  
Into my bosom and be lost in me.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

THE WINDOW ; OR THE SONGS OF  
THE WRENS.

AT THE WINDOW.

VINE, vine and eglantine,  
Clasp her window, trail and twine !  
Rose, rose and clematis,  
Trail and twine and clasp and kiss,  
Kiss, kiss ; and make her a bower  
All of flowers, and drop me a flower,  
Drop me a flower.

Vine, vine and eglantine,  
Cannot a flower, a flower, be mine ?  
Rose, rose and clematis,  
Drop me a flower, a flower, to kiss,  
Kiss, kiss — and out of her bower  
All of flowers, a flower, a flower  
Dropt, a flower.

## GONE.

GONE !

Gone till the end of the year,  
Gone, and the light gone with her and left me  
in shadow here !

Gone — flitted away,  
Taken the stars from the night and the sun from  
the day !

Gone, and a cloud in my heart, and a storm in  
the air !

Flown to the east or the west, flitted I know not  
where !

Down in the south is a flash and a groan : she  
is there ! she is there !

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

## BECAUSE OF THEE.

**M**Y life has grown so dear to me  
Because of thee !

My maiden with the eyes demure,  
And quiet mouth, and forehead pure.  
Joy makes a summer in my heart,  
Because thou art !

The very winds melodious be  
Because of thee !

The rose is sweeter for thy sake,  
The waves in softer music break,  
On brighter wings the swallows dart,  
Because thou art !

My sky is swept of shadows free  
Because of thee !

Sorrow and care have lost their sting,  
The blossoms glow, the linnets sing ;  
All things in my delight have part,  
Because thou art !

CELIA THAXTER.



## THE PASSING OF THE LETTERS.

**T**HE mail from the east and the mail from  
the west —

A thunder of wheels — a rushing blast !

The drowsy travellers never guessed

What voices arose as the two trains passed.

“Tell him you met me ; tell him I fly !”

“That will I ! Tell her I stay not nor rest !”

Thus greeted Love’s messengers speeding by,

One from the east and one from the west.

EDITH M. THOMAS.



VALENTINE.

**I**F thou canst make the frost be gone,  
And fleet away the snow  
(And that thou canst, I trow) ;  
If thou canst make the spring to dawn,  
Hawthorn to put her brav'ry on,  
Willow, her weeds of fine green lawn,  
Say why thou dost not so —

Aye, aye !

Say why

Thou dost not so !

If thou canst chase the stormy rack,  
And bid the soft winds blow  
(And that thou canst, I trow) ;  
If thou canst call the thrushes back  
To give the groves the songs they lack,  
And wake the violet in thy track,  
Say why thou dost not so —

Aye, aye !

Say why

Thou dost not so !

If thou canst make my winter spring,  
With one word breathèd low  
(And that thou canst, I know)';  
If in the closure of a ring  
Thou canst to me such treasure bring,  
My state shall be above a king,  
Say why thou dost not so —  
Aye, aye !  
Say why  
Thou dost not so !

EDITH M. THOMAS.

## DREAM TRYST.

THE breaths of kissing night and day  
Were mingled in the eastern heaven ;  
Throbbing with unheard melody  
Shook Lyra all its star-chord seven :  
When dusk shrunk cold, and light trod shy,  
And dawn's gray eyes were troubled gray ;  
And souls went palely up the sky,  
And mine to Lucidé.

There was no change in her sweet eyes  
Since last I saw those sweet eyes shine ;  
There was no change in her deep heart  
Since last that deep heart knocked at mine.  
Her eyes were clear, her eyes were Hope's,  
Wherein did ever come and go  
The sparkle of the fountain-drops  
From her sweet soul below.

The chambers in the house of dreams  
Are fed with so divine an air,  
That Time's hoar wings grow young therein,  
And they who walk there are most fair.  
I joyed for me, I joyed for her,  
Who with the Past meet girt about,  
Where our last kiss still warms the air,  
Nor can her eyes go out.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

## ATALANTA.

**W**HEN spring grows old, and sleepy winds  
Set from the south with odours sweet,  
I see my love, in green, cool groves,  
Speed down dusk aisles on shining feet.

She throws a kiss and bids me run,  
In whispers sweet as roses' breath ;  
I know I cannot win the race,  
And at the end, I know, is death.

But joyfully I bare my limbs,  
Anoint me with the tropic breeze,  
And feel through every sinew thrill  
The vigour of Hippomenes.

A race of love ! We all have run  
Thy happy course through groves of spring,  
And cared not, when at last we lost,  
For life, or death, or anything !

MAURICE THOMPSON.

## A SONG OF THANKSGIVING.

**M**Y love is the flaming sword, to fight through  
the world ;

Thy love is the shield to ward,  
And the armour of the Lord,  
And the banner of Heav'n unfurl'd.

Let my voice ring out, and over the earth,  
Through all the grief and strife,  
With a golden joy in a silver mirth,  
Thank God for Life !

Let my voice swell out through the great abyss,  
To the azure dome above,  
With a chord of faith in the harp of bliss  
Thank God for Love !

Let my voice thrill out, beneath and above,  
The whole world through,  
O my Love and Life, O my Life and Love,  
Thank God for you !

JAMES THOMSON.

DAY AFTER DAY OF THIS AZURE  
MAY.

**D**AY after day of this azure May,  
The blood of the spring has swelled in  
my veins ;  
Night after night of broad moonlight,  
A mystical dream has dazzled my brains.

A seething might, a fierce delight,  
The blood of the spring is the wine of the world ;  
My veins run fire and thrill desire,  
Every leaf of my heart's red rose uncurled.

A sad, sweet calm, a tearful balm,  
The light of the moon is the trance of the world ;  
My brain is fraught with yearning thought,  
And the rose is pale, and its leaves are furled.

Oh, speed the day then, dear, dear May,  
And hasten the night, I charge thee, O June !  
When the trance divine shall burn with the wine,  
And the red rose unfurl all its fire to the moon.

JAMES THOMSON.



## THE MINNESINGER'S WIFE.

### I.

NOT only in my lady's eyes  
Do I her beauty find,  
But all the lore that poets prize  
Is garnered in her mind.

### II.

She is the soul of all I sing,  
For though to me belong  
The pipe, the shell, the chorded string,  
She is herself the song.

### III.

There is no wisdom in my word,  
Nor music in my lay,  
Save what I have more sweetly heard  
My lady sing or say.

IV.

She gazeth at the flower and star,  
And readeth in their looks  
A mystic meaning deeper far  
Than any writ in books.

V.

I often to my love have read  
The bards of olden times,  
And then some happy word she said  
Outrivalled all their rhymes.

VI.

She is so fair, she is so wise,  
She is so pure in thought ;  
She seems an angel of the skies,  
Whom I have snared and caught.

VII.

She loves me with a love so true  
It never can be told, —  
A love like love when love was new,  
Before the earth grew old.

VIII.

Oh, never yet such lovers were,  
And nevermore shall be ;  
For I am all the world to her,  
She all the world to me.

THEODORE TILTON.

## THE SONG OF TRISTRAM.

THE star of love is trembling in the west,  
Night hears the desolate sea with moan  
on moan

Sigh for the storm, who on his mountain lone  
Smites his wild harp, and dreams of her wild  
breast.

I am thy storm, Isolt, and thou my sea !

Isolt !

My passionate sea !

The storm to her wild breast, the passionate sea  
To his fierce arms : we to the rapturous leap  
Of mated spirits mingling in love's deep,  
Flame to flame, I to thee and thou to me !

Thou to mine arms, Isolt, I to thy breast !

Isolt !

I to thy breast !

JOHN TODHUNTER.

## AUBADE.

THE lights are out in the street, and a cool  
wind swings

Loose poplar plumes on the sky ;  
Deep in the gloom of the garden the first bird  
sings :

Curt, hurried steps go by,  
Loud in the hush of the dawn past the linden  
screen,

Lost in a jar and a rattle of wheels unseen,

Beyond on the wide highway :  
Night lingers dusky and dim in the pear-tree  
boughs,

Hangs in the hollows of leaves, though the  
thrushes rouse,

And the glimmering lawn grows gray.

Yours, my heart knoweth, yours only the jew-  
elled gloom,

Splendours of opal and amber, the scent, the  
bloom,

Yours all, and your own demesne —  
Scent of the dark, of the dawning, of leaves  
and dew;  
Nothing that was but hath changed — 't is a  
world made new —  
A lost world risen again.

The lamps are out in the street, and the air  
grows bright;  
Come, lest the miracle fade in the broad, bare  
light,  
The new world wither away:  
Clear is your voice in my heart, and you call  
me — whence?  
Come — for I listen, I wait, — bid me rise, go  
hence,  
Or ever the dawn turn day.

GRAHAM R. TOMSON.

## LOVE, THE GUEST.

I DID not dream that Love would stay,  
I deemed him but a passing guest,  
Yet here he lingers many a day.

I said, "Young Love will flee with May,  
And leave forlorn the hearth he blest ;"  
I did not dream that Love would stay.

My envious neighbour mocks me, "Nay,  
Love lies not long in any nest ;"  
Yet here he lingers many a day.

And though I did his will alway,  
And gave him even of my best,  
I did not dream that Love would stay.

I have no skill to bid him stay,  
Of tripping tongue or cunning jest,  
Yet here he lingers many a day.



Beneath his ivory feet I lay  
Pale plumage of the ringdove's breast ;  
I did not dream that Love would stay.

Will Love be flown? I oftentimes say,  
Home turning for the noonday rest ;  
Yet here he lingers many a day.

His gold curls gleam, his lips are gay,  
His eyes through tears smile loveliest ;  
I did not dream that Love would stay.

He sometimes sighs, when far away  
The low red sun makes fair the west,  
Yet here he lingers many a day.

Thrice blest of all men am I ! yea,  
Although of all unworthiest ;  
I did not dream that Love would stay,  
Yet here he lingers many a day.

GRAHAM R. TOMSON.

## A BLUSH AT FAREWELL.

**H**ER tears are all thine own ! how blest thou  
art !

Thine, too, the blush which no reserve can bind ;  
Thy farewell voice was as the stirring wind  
That floats the rose-bloom ; thou hast won her  
heart ;

Dear are the hopes it ushers to thy breast ;  
She speaks not — but she gives her silent bond ;  
And thou mayst trust it, asking nought beyond  
The promise, which as yet no words attest ;  
Deep in her bosom sinks the conscious glow,  
And deep in thine ! and I can well foresee,  
If thou shalt feel a lover's jealousy  
For her brief absence, what a ruling power  
A bygone blush shall prove ! until the hour  
Of meeting, when thy next love-rose shall blow.

CHARLES TENNYSON TURNER.

## THE KISS OF BETROTHAL.

WHEN lovers' lips from kissing disunit  
With sound as soft as mellow fruitage  
breaking,  
They loathe to leave what was so sweet in taking,  
So fraught with breathless magical delight ;  
The scent of flowers is long before it fade,  
Long dwells upon the gale the Vesper-tone,  
Far floats the wake the lightest skiff has made,  
The closest kiss when once imprest, is gone ;  
What marvel, then, that each so closely kisseth ?  
Sweet is the fourfold touch — the living seal —  
What marvel then, with sorrow each dismisseth  
This thrilling pledge of all they hope and feel ?  
While on their lingering steps the shadows steal,  
And each true heart beats as the other wisheth.

CHARLES TENNYSON TURNER.

## THE PARTING-GATE.

**I**N that old beech-walk, now bestrewn with  
    mast,  
And roaring loud — they linger'd long and late ;  
Harsh was the clang of the last homeward gate  
That latch'd itself behind them, as they pass'd —  
Then kiss'd and parted. Soon her funeral knell  
Toll'd from a foreign clime ; he did not talk  
Nor weep, but shudder'd at that stern farewell ;  
'Twas the last gate in all their lovers'-walk  
Without the kiss beyond it ! Was it good  
To leave him thus, alone with his sad mood  
In that dear footpath, haunted by her smile ?  
Where they had laugh'd and loiter'd, sat and  
    stood ?  
Alone in life ! alone in Moreham wood !  
Through all that sweet, forsaken, forest mile !

CHARLES TENNYSON TURNER.

## IRISH LOVE SONG.

WOULD God I were the tender apple-  
blossom,

Floating and falling from the twisted bough,  
To lie and faint within your silken bosom,  
As that does now !

Or would I were a little burnished apple .

For you to pluck me, gliding by so cold,  
While sun and shade your robe of lawn will  
dapple,  
Your hair's spun gold.

Yea, would to God I were among the roses

That lean to kiss you as you float between !  
While on the lowest branch a bud uncloses  
To touch you, Queen !

Nay, since you will not love, would I were growing

A happy daisy in the garden path ;  
That so your silver foot might press me going,  
Even unto death !

KATHERINE TYNAN.

## GOOD-NIGHT.

IT is over now, she is gone to rest ;  
I have clasped the hands on the quiet breast ;  
Draw back the curtain, let in the light,  
She will never shrink if it be too bright.

We were two in here but an hour gone by,  
No streak was then in the midnight sky ;  
Now I am one to watch the day  
Come glimmering up from the far-away.

What will he say when he comes in,  
Waked by the city's morning din,  
Hoping to find and fearing to know  
The sorrow he left but an hour ago ?

What will he say who has watched so long,  
When he shall find who has come and gone ?  
Come a watcher that will not bide  
Love's morning or noon or eventide.



He thought to kiss her by morning gray,  
But God has thought to take her away.  
What will he say? God knows, not I;  
“Good-night,” he said, but never “good-bye.”

C. C. FRASER TYTLER.



I KNOW 'T IS LATE, BUT LET ME  
STAY.

I KNOW 't is late, but let me stay,  
For night is tenderer than day ;  
Sweet love, dear love, I cannot go ;  
Dear love, sweet love, I love thee so.  
The birds are in the grove asleep,  
The katydids shrill concert keep,  
The woodbine breathes a fragrance rare  
To please the dewy, languid air,  
The fireflies twinkle in the vale,  
The river shines in moonlight pale :  
See yon bright star ! choose it for thine,  
And call its near companion mine ;  
Yon air-spun lace above the moon, —  
'T will veil her radiant beauty soon ;  
And look ! a meteor's dreamy light  
Streams mystic through the solemn night.  
Ah, life glides swift, like that still fire —  
How soon our gleams of joy expire !  
Who can be sure the present kiss  
Is not his last? Make all of this.

I know 't is late, dear love, I know,  
Dear love, sweet love, I love thee so.

It cannot be the stealthy day  
That turns the orient darkness gray ;  
Heardst thou? I thought or feared I heard  
Vague twitters of some wakeful bird.  
Nay, 't was but summer in her sleep  
Low murmuring from the leafy deep.  
Fantastic mist obscurely fills  
The hollows of Kentucky hills.  
The wings of night are swift indeed !  
Why makes the jealous morn such speed?  
This rose thou wear'st may I not take  
For passionate remembrance' sake?  
Press with thy lips its crimson heart.  
Yes, blushing rose, we must depart.  
A rose cannot return a kiss —  
I pay its due with this, and this.  
The stars grow faint, they soon will die,  
But love fades not nor fails. Good-bye !  
Unhappy joy — delicious pain —  
We part in love, we meet again.  
Good-bye ! the morning dawns — I go ;  
Dear love, sweet love, I love thee so.

WILLIAM H. VENABLE

## THE COQUETTE.

THIS pirate bold upon Love's sea  
Will let no passing heart go free ;  
No barque, by those bright eyes espied  
May sail away o'er life's blue tide  
Till all its treasure counted be.

Her craft, the *Conquest*, waits for thee  
Where her swift rapine none may see ; —  
From shadowing coves on thee will glide  
This pirate bold.

Yet thou, if thou her power wouldst flee,  
Go, feign thyself love's refugee  
And crave sweet shelter ; — she 'll deride  
Thy piteous suit with scornful pride ;  
And thou, thou shalt escape in glee  
This pirate bold.

SAMUEL WADDINGTON.

BELOVED OF THE FLAXEN TRESSES.

**A**T Ballinahinch, my dear  
Abides this long, long year,  
Than the summer sun more brightly shining ;  
Where'er her footsteps go,  
Fair honey-flowers will grow  
Even though 't were winter's dark declining.  
If to my net she sped,  
'T would ease my heart and head,  
Where cruel love his burning brand impresses.  
From all that living be,  
I'll choose no mate but thee,  
Beloved of the flaxen tresses !

At the bridge of the Avonmore  
I saw my bosom's store,  
The maiden of the ringlets yellow ;  
More sweet her kisses be  
Than honey from the tree,  
Or festive wine of flavour mellow.

Her bosom, globes of white,  
Sweet, fragrant, perfect, bright,  
Like drifted snow the mountain's heart that  
presses.

The cuckoo's notes resound  
In winter where thou 'rt found,  
Beloved of the flaxen tresses !

Oh, if the boon were mine,  
From beauty's ranks divine,  
To choose for aye the fairest maiden,  
'T were her to whom sweet lays  
Consign the palm of praise,  
For whom a thousand hearts with love are  
laden.

Such maid did once inspire  
The Hebrew monarch's lyre.

But oh, thine eye more dignity expresses !  
Believe my woe, I crave ;  
Oh, snatch me from the grave,  
Beloved of the flaxen tresses !

EDWARD WALSH.

## CASHEL OF MUNSTER.

**I** WOULD wed you, dear, without gold or  
gear, or counted kine ;  
My wealth you 'll be, would your friends agree,  
and you be mine.  
My grief, my gloom ! that you do not come, my  
heart's dear hoard !  
To Cashel fair, though our couch were there but  
a soft deal board.

Oh, come, my bride, o'er the wild hill-side to the  
valley low !  
A downy bed for my love I 'll spread where  
waters flow,  
And we shall stray where streamlets play, the  
groves among,  
Where echo tells to the listening dells the black-  
bird's song.

Love tender, true, I gave to you, and secret sighs,  
In hope to see upon you and me one hour arise,



When the priest's blest voice would bind my  
choice and the ring's strict tie,  
If wife you be, love, to one but me, love, in  
grief I'll die !

A neck of white has my heart's delight, and breast  
like snow,  
And flowing hair whose ringlets fair to the green  
grass flow,  
Alas ! that I did not early die, before the day  
That saw me here, from my bosom's dear, far,  
far away !

EDWARD WALSH.



KITTY BHAN.

**B**EFORE the sun rose at yester-dawn  
I met a fair maid adown the lawn ;  
The berry and snow to her cheek gave its glow,  
And her bosom was fair as the sailing swan.  
Then, pulse of my heart ! what gloom is thine ?

Her beautiful voice more hearts hath won  
Than Orpheus' lyre of old hath done ;  
Her ripe eyes of blue were crystals of dew,  
On the grass of the lawn before the sun.  
And, pulse of my heart ! what gloom is thine ?

EDWARD WALSH.

## A U R O R A.

**B**Y the primrose bank and meadow,  
Rippling curls, rare feet in shadow,  
Whither, sweet, away?  
Listen, rise and follow lightly,  
Wind the fluttering fingers tightly ;  
Greet thee, love, to-day.

Young and lonely keep no measure.  
Mint of youth is current treasure,  
Age but dross and scorn.  
Many sweet mouths are not tasted,  
Sweetest kisses won and wasted,  
Hour and year forsworn.

When the ripe hour whispers "reap,"  
Turning towards that loveless sleep  
Who would sourly say,  
Fresh cheeks wear not weeping stain.  
Love is spoil, and wedded pain  
Taint their rose away !

Answer, love, "though love's best sweet,  
Like an angel's glorious feet,  
Flash and pass no more," —  
Answer, sweet, "love may not last,  
But the perfume of its past  
Lives in riper store."

Wavering sets the longest noon :  
Winter crowns the fiercest June,  
Summer melts the snow.  
Eyes can answer, hands as well,  
Rusting years unlearn their spell :  
Answer, dearest, so —

Fortune pays not twice the giver :  
Leave it once and lose it ever.  
As we speak, 't is flown.  
Grasp it with no palsied hand,  
Bend the years at thy command,  
Now and thrice thine own.

JOHN LEICESTER WARREN.

## DAFFODILS.

**I** QUESTION with the amber daffodils,  
Sheeting the floors of April, how she fares ;  
Where king-cup buds gleam out between the  
    rills,  
And celandine in wide gold beadlets glares.

By pastured brows and swelling hedgerow  
    bowers,  
From crumpled leaves the primrose bunches slip,  
My hot face roll'd in their faint-scented flowers,  
I dream her rich cheek rests against my lip.

All weird sensations of the fervent prime  
Are like great harmonies, whose touch can move  
The glow of gracious impulse : thought and time  
Renew my love with life, my life with love.

When this old world new-born puts glories on,  
I cannot think she never will be won.

JOHN LEICESTER WARREN.

## THE PILGRIM CRANES.

**T**HE pilgrim cranes are moving to their south,  
The clouds are herded pale and rolling  
slow.

One flower is withered in the warm wind's mouth,  
Whereby the gentle waters always flow.

The cloud-fire wanes beyond the lighted trees,  
The sudden glory leaves the mountain dome.  
Sleep into night, old anguish mine, and cease  
To listen for a step that will not come.

JOHN LEICESTER WARREN.

AVE ATQUE VALE.

FAREWELL my Youth ! for now we needs  
must part,  
For here the paths divide ;  
Here hand from hand must sever, heart from  
heart, —  
Divergence deep and wide.

You 'll wear no withered roses for my sake,  
Though I go mourning for you all day long,  
Finding no magic more in bower and brake,  
No melody in song.

Gray Eld must travel in my company  
To seal this severance more fast and sure.  
A joyless fellowship, i' faith, 't will be,  
Yet must we fare together, I and he,  
Till I shall tread the footpath way no more.

But when a blackbird pipes among the boughs,  
On some dim iridescent day in spring,  
Then I may dream you are remembering  
Our ancient vows.

Or when some joy foregone, some fate forsworn  
Looks through the dark eyes of the violet,  
I may recross the set, forbidden bourne,  
    I may forget  
Our long, long parting for a little while,  
Dream of the golden splendours of your smile,  
    Dream you remember yet.

ROSAMUND MARRIOT WATSON.



## EPITAPH.

NOW lay thee down to sleep, and dream of  
me ;

Though thou art dead and I am living yet,  
Though cool thy couch and sweet thy slumbers  
be,  
Dream — do not quite forget.

Sleep all the autumn, all the winter long,  
With never a painted shadow from the past  
To haunt thee ; only, when the blackbird's song  
Wakens the woods at last,

When the young shoots grow lusty overhead,  
Here, where the spring sun smiles, the spring  
wind grieves,  
When budding violets close above thee spread  
Their small heart-shapen leaves,

Pass, O Belovèd, to dreams from slumber deep ;  
Recount the store that mellowing time en-  
dears,  
Tread, through the measureless mazes of thy  
sleep,  
Our old unchangeable years.

Lie still and listen — while thy sheltering tree  
Whispers of suns that rose, of suns that set —  
For far-off echoes of the spring and me.  
Dream — do not quite forget.

ROSAMUND MARRIOT WATSON.

## A GOLDEN HOUR.

A BECKONING spirit of gladness seemed  
afloat,  
That lightly danced in laughing air before us :  
The earth was all in tune, and you a note  
Of Nature's happy chorus.

'T was like a vernal morn, yet overhead  
The leafless boughs across the lane were knitting :  
The ghost of some forgotten spring, we said,  
O'er winter's world comes flitting.

Or was it spring herself, that, gone astray,  
Beyond the alien frontier chose to tarry ?  
Or but some bold outrider of the May,  
Some April emissary ?

The apparition faded on the air,  
Capricious and incalculable comer. —  
Wilt thou too pass, and leave my chill days bare,  
And fall'n my phantom summer ?

WILLIAM WATSON.

AND THESE — ARE THESE INDEED  
THE END?

AND these — are these indeed the end,  
This grinning skull, this heavy loam?  
Do all green ways whereby we wend  
Lead but to yon ignoble home?

Ah, well ! Thine eyes invite to bliss ;  
Thy lips are hives of summer still.  
I ask not other worlds while this  
Proffers me all the sweets I will.

WILLIAM WATSON.

## BEAUTY'S METEMPSYCHOSIS.

**T**HAT beauty such as thine  
Can die indeed,  
Were ordinance too wantonly malign :  
No wit may reconcile so cold a creed  
With beauty such as thine.

From wave and star and flower  
Some effluence rare  
Was lent thee, a divine but transient dower :  
Thou yield'st it back from eyes and lips and hair  
To wave and star and flower.

Shouldst thou to-morrow die,  
Thou still shalt be  
Found in the rose and met in all the sky :  
And from the ocean's heart shalt sing to me,  
Shouldst thou to-morrow die.

WILLIAM WATSON.

LOVE, LIKE A BIRD.

**L**OVE, like a bird, hath perched upon a spray  
For thee and me to hearken what he sings.  
Contented, he forgets to fly away ;  
But hush ! . . . remind not Eros of his wings.

WILLIAM WATSON.

## A DREAM.

**B**ENEATH the loveliest dream there coils  
a fear :

Last night came she whose eyes are memories  
now,

Her far-off gaze seemed all-forgetful how  
Love dimmed them once, so calm they shone,  
and clear.

“Sorrow (I said) hath made me old, my dear ;  
'T is I, indeed, but grief doth change the brow ;  
A love like mine a seraph's neck might bow,  
Vigils like mine would blanch an angel's hair.”

Ah ! then I saw, I saw the sweet lips move !

I saw the love-mists thickening in her eyes ;  
I heard wild wordless melodies of love,

Like murmur of dreaming brooks in Paradise ;  
And when upon my neck she fell, my dove,

I knew her hair, though heavy of amaranth-  
spice.

THEODORE WATTS.



## THE FIRST KISS.

**I**F only in dreams may man be fully blest,  
Is heav'n a dream? Is she I claspt a  
dream?

Or stood she here even now where dewdrops  
gleam,  
And miles of furze shine golden down the West?  
I seem to clasp her still, — still on my breast  
Her bosom beats ; I see the blue eyes beam :  
I think she kissed these lips, for now they  
seem

Scarce mine, so hallow'd of the lips they press'd !

Yon thicket's breath — can that be eglantine?  
Those birds — can they be morning's chor-  
isters?

Can this be earth? Can these be banks of  
furze?

Like burning bushes fired of God they shine !  
I seem to know them, though this body of mine  
Pass'd into spirit at the touch of hers.

THEODORE WATTS.

## SUFFICIENCY.

A LITTLE love, of Heaven a little share,  
And then we go — what matters it, since  
where,  
Or when, or how, none may aforetime know,  
Nor if Death cometh soon, or lingering slow,  
Send on ahead his herald of Despair.

On this gray life Love lights with golden glow  
Refracted from The Source, his bright wings  
throw  
Its glory on us, if Fate grant our prayer,  
A little love !

A little ; 't is as much as we can bear,  
For Love is compassed with such magic air  
Who breathes it fully dies ; and knowing so,  
The Gods all wisely but a taste bestow  
For little lives ; a little while they spare  
A little love.

GLEESON WHITE.

## BENEDICITE.

**G**OD'S love and peace be with thee, where  
Soe'er this soft autumnal air  
Lifts the dark tresses of thy hair !

Whether through city casements comes  
Its kiss to thee, in crowded rooms,  
Or, out among the woodland blooms,

It freshens o'er thy thoughtful face,  
Imparting, in its glad embrace,  
Beauty to beauty, grace to grace !

Fair Nature's book together read, —  
The old wood-paths that knew our tread,  
The maple shadows overhead,

The hills we climbed, the river seen  
By gleams along its deep ravine, —  
All keep thy memory fresh and green.

Where'er I look, where'er I stray,  
Thy thought goes with me on my way,  
And hence the prayer I breathe to-day ;

O'er lapse of time and change of scene, —  
The weary waste which lies between  
Thyself and me, my heart I lean.

Thou lack'st not Friendship's spell-word, nor  
The half-unconscious power to draw  
All hearts to thine by Love's sweet law.

With these good gifts of God is cast  
Thy lot, and many a charm thou hast  
To hold the blessed angels fast.

If, then, a fervent wish for thee  
The gracious heavens will heed from me,  
What should, dear heart, its burden be ?

The sighing of a shaken reed, —  
What can I more than meekly plead  
The greatness of our common need ?

God's love, — unchanging, pure, and true, —  
The Paraclete white-shining through  
His peace, — the fall of Hermon's dew !

With such a prayer, on this sweet day,  
As thou mayst hear and I may say,  
I greet thee, dearest, far away !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

## LOVE'S QUEEN.

**H**E loves not well whose love is bold :  
I would not have thee come too nigh.  
The sun's gold would not seem pure gold  
Unless the sun were in the sky :  
To take him thence and chain him near  
Would make his beauty disappear.

He keeps his state : do thou keep thine,  
And shine upon me from afar !  
So shall I bask in light divine  
That falls from Love's own guiding star :  
So shall thy eminence be high,  
And so my passion shall not die.

But all my life shall reach its hands  
Of lofty longing tow'rd thy face,  
And be as one who speechless stands  
In rapture at some perfect grace :  
My love, my hope, my all shall be  
To look to heaven and look to thee.

Thine eyes shall be the heavenly lights ;  
Thy voice shall be the summer breeze,  
What time it sways, on moonlit nights,  
The murmuring tops of leafy trees ;  
And I will touch thy beauteous form  
In June's red roses rich and warm.

But thou — thyself — shalt not come down  
From that pure region far above ;  
But keep thy throne and wear thy crown,  
Queen of my heart and queen of love :  
A monarch in thy realm complete,  
And I a monarch at thy feet !

WILLIAM WINTER.



## MY VIOLET.

**W**HEN violets blue begin to blow  
Among the mosses fresh and green,  
That grow the woodbine roots between,  
I take my Violet out, and, oh !  
Those cunning violets seem to know  
A sweeter than themselves is nigh ;  
They greet her with a beaming eye,  
And brighten where her footsteps go.

When summer glories light the glade  
With gloss of green and gleam of gold,  
And sunny sheens in wood and wold,  
She loves to linger in the shade ;  
And such sweet light surrounds the maid,  
That, somehow, it is fairer far  
Where she and those dim shadows are,  
Than where the sunbeams are displayed.

When every tree relinquisheth  
Its garb of green for sombre brown,  
And all the leaves are falling down,

While breezes blow with angry breath,  
With gentle pitying voice she saith,  
    “Poor leaves ! I wish you would not die ;”  
And at the sound they peaceful lie,  
And wear a pleasant calm in death.

When winter frosts hold land and sea,  
And barren want and bleaker wind  
Leave every thought of good behind,  
I look upon my love, and she  
From thrall of winter sets me free ;  
And with a sense of perfect rest  
I lay my head upon her breast,  
And twenty summers shine for me.

J. T. BURTON WOLLASTON.

## WILD ROSE.

TO call My Lady where she stood  
    “A Wild-rose blossom of the wood,”  
Makes but a poor similitude.

For who by such a sleight would reach  
    An aim, consumes the worth in speech,  
And sets a crimson rose to bleach.

My Love, whose store of household sense  
    Gives duty golden recompense,  
And arms her goodness with defence :

The sweet reliance of whose gaze  
    Originates in gracious ways,  
And wins the trust that trust repays :

Whose stately figure’s varying grace  
    Is never seen unless her face  
Turn beaming toward another place ;

For such a halo round it glows  
    Surprised attention only knows  
A lively wonder in repose.

Can flowers that breathe one little day  
In odorous sweetness life away,  
And wavering to the earth decay,

Have any claim to rank with her,  
Warmed in whose soul impulses stir,  
Then bloom to goodness ; and aver

Her worth through spheral joys shall move  
When suns and systems cease above,  
And nothing lives but perfect Love ?

THOMAS WOOLNER.

## A MEMORY.

OUT of the crowd of women I  
Have loved and long have let go by,  
It is alone your memory  
That comes in hours of grief to me.

When eyes are blind and lips are dumb,  
Your sweet and sad soul seems to come  
Across the vague and distant years,  
To touch my brow, to stay my tears.

THEODORE WRATISLAW.

## ASLEEP.

LIDS closed and pale, with parted lips she lay ;  
Black on white pillows spread her hair  
unbound.

Awake, I watched her sleeping face, and found  
Its beauty perfect in the breaking day.

Ah, then I knew that Love had passed away ;  
Alas ! though with the entering sun that  
crowned

With light the beauty that mine arms enwound,  
Came too the morning music of the bay.

I wept that Love had been and was no more,  
That never shower nor sunlight should restore  
The love that gave her life and heart to me ;

While radiant in the outburst of the dawn,  
Fresh as the wind that swept the mountain lawn,  
Green April wantoned on the noisy sea.

THEODORE WRATISLAW.

## SONG IN SPRING.

**A**PRIL has whispered to the rose,  
O flower, thy heart is deep and red ;  
Till evening let me lean my head  
Between thy petals that uncloze.

I murmured to my soul's delight,  
Sweet love, thy heart is red and deep ;  
Oh, take me in thine arms, to sleep  
Within thy bosom all the night !

THEODORE WRATISLAW.



## SWIMMING SONG.

THE broad green rollers lift and glide  
Beneath our hearts as, side by side,  
We breast them blithely, blithely swim  
Toward the far horizon's rim.

The murmur of the land recedes,  
The land of grief that aches and needs ;  
We only as we fall and rise  
Drink deep the splendour of the skies.

O far blue heaven above our head,  
O near green sea about us spread,  
What joy so full, since time began,  
Could earth, our mother, give to man?

Your bright face through the water peers  
And laughs. "What need have men for tears?"  
We say. The land is far and dim,  
The world is summer's, and we swim.

Your bright face peers and laughs. The sweet  
Same joy fulfils us, hands and feet :  
The same sea's salt wet lips kiss ours :  
We feel the same enraptured hours.

Out yonder ! where our distant home  
Beckons us from the crests of foam !  
Out yonder through the roller's mirth !  
What part was ever ours with earth ?

Your white limbs flash, your red lips gleam :  
Love seems life's best and holiest dream ;  
Nought comes between us here, and I  
Could wish not otherwise to die.

With sea beneath us, heaven above,  
Life holds but laughter, joy, and love ;  
No trammels bind us now, and we  
Are freer than the birds are free.

Your face seems sweeter here ; your hair,  
Wet from the sea's salt lips, more fair ;  
Your limbs that move and gleam and shine,  
Hellenic, pagan, half divine.

If I should catch you now, make fast  
Your hands with mine, about you cast  
My limbs, and through the untroubled waves  
Draw you down to the sea's deep graves !

Ah, sweet ! God's gift is good enough,  
God's gift of freedom, life, and love —  
Though but for this brief hour are we  
Alone upon the eternal sea.

THEODORE WRATISLAW.

## THE PEACE OF THE ROSE.

**I**F Michael, leader of God's host,  
When Heaven and Hell are met,  
Looked down on you from Heaven's door-post,  
He would his deeds forget.

Brooding no more upon God's wars  
In his Divine homestead,  
He would go weave out of the stars  
A chaplet for your head ;

And all folk seeing him bow down,  
And white stars tell your praise,  
Would come at last to God's great town,  
Led on by gentle ways ;

And God would bid his warfare cease,  
Saying all things were well,  
And softly make a rosy peace,  
A peace of Heaven and Hell.

W. B. YEATS.

## THE BRIDAL PAIR.

HE.

**T**HOUGH the roving bee as lightly  
Sip the sweets of thyme and clover,  
Though the moon of May as whitely  
Silver all the greensward over,  
Yet, beneath the trysting tree,  
That hath been which shall not be !

SHE.

Drip the vials ne'er so sweetly  
With the honey-dew of pleasure,  
Trip the dancers ne'er so featly  
Through the old remembered measure,  
Yet, the lighted lanthorn round,  
What is lost shall not be found !

WILLIAM YOUNG.

## THE TRIFLERS.

HE.

**B**ECAUSE thou wast cold and proud,  
And as one alone in the crowd,  
And because of thy wilful and wayward look,  
I thought, as I saw thee above my book,  
“I will prove if her heart be flesh or stone ;”  
And in seeking thine, I have found my own.

SHE.

Because thou wast proud and cold,  
And because of the story told  
That never had woman a smile from thee,  
I thought as I glanc'd, “If he frown on me,  
Why, be it so ! but his peace shall atone ;”  
And in troubling thine, I have lost my own.

WILLIAM YOUNG.

AT THY GRAVE.

WAVES the soft grass at my feet ;  
Dost thou feel me near thee, sweet?  
Though the earth upon thy face  
Holds thee close from my embrace,  
Yet my spirit thine can reach,  
Needs betwixt us twain no speech,  
For the same soul lives in each.

Now I meet no tender eyes  
Seeking mine in soft surmise  
At some broken utterance faint,  
Smile quick brightening, sigh half spent ;  
Yet in some sweet hours gone by,  
No responding eye to eye  
Needed we for sympathy.

Love, I seem to see thee stand  
Silent in a shadowy land,  
With a look upon thy face  
As if even in that dull place



Distant voices smote thine ears,  
Memories of vanished years,  
Or faint echoes of those tears.

Yet I would not have it thus ;  
Then would be most piteous  
Our divided lives, if thou  
An imperfect bliss should know ;  
    Sweet my suffering, if to thee  
    Death has brought the faculty  
    Of entire felicity.

Rather would I weep in vain,  
That thou canst not share my pain,  
Deem that Lethean waters roll  
Softly o'er thy separate soul,  
    Know that a divided bliss  
    Makes thee careless of my kiss,  
    Than that thou shouldst feel distress.

Hush ! I hear a low, sweet sound  
As of music stealing round ;  
Forms thy hand the thrilling chords  
Into more than spoken words ?  
    Ah ! 't is but the gathering breeze  
    Whispering to the budding trees,  
    Or the song of early bees.

Love ! where art thou ? Canst thou not  
Hear me, or is all forgot ?  
Seest thou not these burning tears ?  
Can my words not reach thine ears ?  
Or betwixt my soul and thine  
Has some mystery divine  
Sealed a separating line ?

Is it thus, then, after death  
Old things none remembereth ?  
Is the spirit henceforth clear  
Of the life it gathered here ?  
Will our noblest longings seem  
Like some disremembered dream  
In the after world's full beam ?

Hark ! the rainy wind blows loud,  
Scuds above the hurrying cloud ;  
Hushed is all the song of bees ;  
Angry murmurs of the trees  
Herald tempests. Silent yet  
Sleepest thou — nor fear nor fret  
Troubles thee. Can I forget ?

BE TRUE TO ME AS I TO THEE.

**B**E true, ah, twin soul of my soul, be true !  
Be true to me, as I must be to thee,  
So that I, tossing on the storm-swept sea,  
Still one sure star may view.

Be true, dear heart, for mine is bruised and sore,  
Weary of all save only thy sweet love ;  
Only to thee my bitter longings move  
Ever and evermore.

Would I might lean my head against thy breast,  
Even as a child sore-vexed with thorny ways,  
With aching feet, turns sobbing to its rest,  
And there contented stays.

That may not be, but be thou true to me ;  
So I may still my hopeless fancy please ;  
My empty arms outstretchèd aye to thee  
In visions such as these.

Ah, sweetheart mine, our dead past liveth yet —  
Blossoms afresh, more bravely than of old ;  
Yet must I plead (for great dread maketh bold),  
Never do thou forget !

TARES.

LO! IN A DREAM LOVE CAME  
TO ME.

**L**O! in a dream Love came to me and cried :  
“The summer dawn creeps over land  
and sea ;  
The golden fields are ripe for harvest-tide,  
And the grape-gatherers climb the mountain-  
side ;  
The harvest joy is come ; I wait for thee.  
Arise, come down, and follow, follow me.”

And I arose, went down, and followed him.

The reaper's song went ringing through the  
air ;  
Below, the morning mists grew pale and dim,  
And on the mountain ridge the sun's bright rim  
Rose swiftly, and the glorious dawn was there.  
I followed, followed Love, I knew not where.

Through orange groves and orchard ways we  
went ;  
The cool fresh dew lay deep on grass and  
tree,  
Above our heads the laden boughs were bent  
With weight of ripening fruit ; the faint sweet  
scent  
Of fragrant myrtles drifted up to me :  
Blindly, O Love, blindly I followed thee !

O Love, the morning shadows passed away  
From off the broad fair fields of waving wheat ;  
I followed thee, till in the full noonday  
The weary women in the vineyards lay ;  
The tall field flowers drooped fading in the  
heat :  
I followed thee with bruised and bleeding  
feet.

Upon the long white road the fierce sun shone,  
And on the distant town and wide waste plain,  
O Love, I blindly, blindly followed on,  
Nor knew how sharp the way my feet had gone ;  
Nor knew I aught of shame or loss or pain,  
Nor knew I all my labour was in vain.

The sun sank down in silence o'er the land,  
The heavy shadows gathered deep and black ;  
Across the lonely waste of reeds and sand  
I followed Love : I could not touch his hand,  
Nor see his hidden face, nor turn me back,  
Nor find again the far-off mountain-track.

Blindly, O Love ! blindly I followed thee :  
The summer night lay on the silent plain,  
And on the sleeping city and the sea ;  
The sound of rippling waves came up to me.  
O Love ! the dawn drew near ; far off again  
The gray light gathered where the night had  
lain.

On through the quiet street Love passed, and  
cried :  
“The summer dawn creeps over land and sea ;  
Sweet is the summer and the harvest-tide ;  
Awake, arise, Love waits for thee, his Bride.”  
And she arose and followed, followed thee,  
O traitor Love ! who hast forsaken me.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.



VALE.

*WARBLETH the bird of Love his golden  
song,  
And many hearken to his magic strain;  
In joyous major now he carols strong,  
In minors low he croons his soft refrain.*

*So fair his lay of Love's fond empery,  
One scarce may mark the quaver of his sigh;  
Or note amid his seeming ecstasy  
The dream that fades, the hopes that shatter'd  
lie.*

*But most he sings for Youth's enraptured ear,  
When hope beats fast and buds are bourgeon-  
ing, —  
"Time flies," he trills, "clasp close the fleeting  
year  
Ere winter cometh, and sweet Love take  
wing!"*

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